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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by H. J. Haskell

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"O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES"
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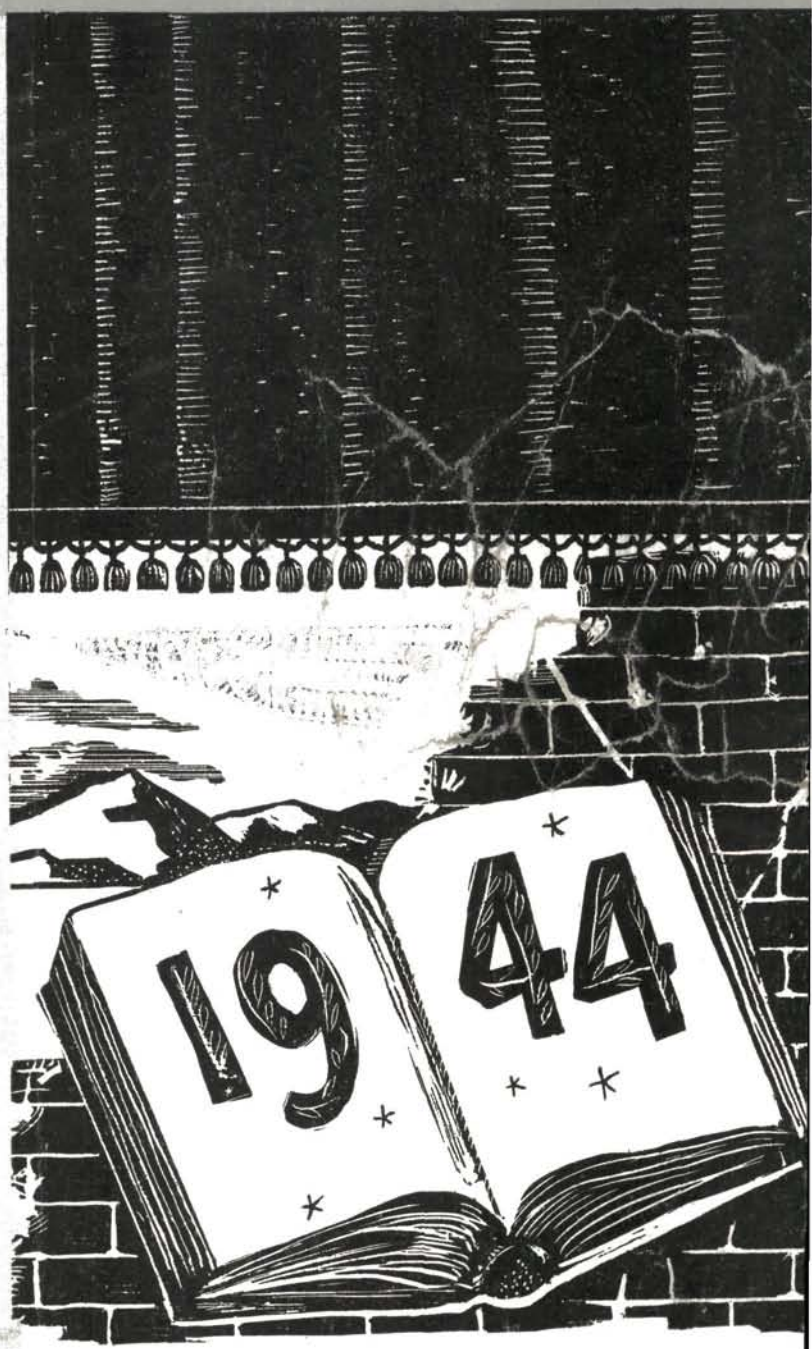

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Out of the "Awkward Age"

H. J. HASKELL

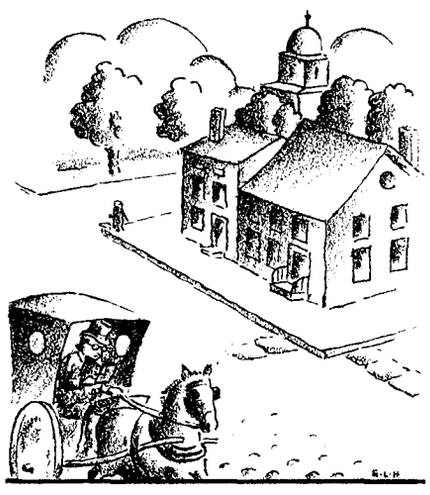
THE year after political democracy was enthroned with Andrew Jackson at Washington, a young minister, John J. Shipherd, gave up his position as general agent of the Vermont Sunday School Union to carry the Gospel to the wilderness beyond the Alleghenies. Although his destination was the little village of Elyria, Ohio, in Connecticut's Western Reserve which extended along the southern shore of Lake Erie, Shipherd thought of the town as in the great valley of the Mississippi—"that valley of moral death," he called it in letters, "that desolate valley . . . that dark valley."

Installed as pastor of a little Presbyterian church Shipherd soon found himself in mortal combat with the Powers of Darkness, especially with the Demon Alcohol which brooded over the frontier. In the hard battle with the wilderness the pioneers found solace in drink and the stores of Elyria offered free whiskey to their customers. It was an unequal contest for the young minister and in two years he was worsted and forced out. Defeat proved victory. Reflecting on the situation he devised a Grand Scheme. With a devoted disciple he determined to found a settlement in the forest a few miles away from which sin and sinners would be excluded. The colony was to be made the home of an educational institution to "train school teachers for our desolate valley and ministers for our dying world."

Thus in 1833 was born the Oberlin Collegiate Institute, chartered in 1850 as Oberlin College.* In origin and progress it was a microcosm of the movements in the Northern states that emerged from the ferment that produced the Jacksonian democracy. These movements did not spring from the elite. They came from the soil. They embodied the hopes and aspirations and prejudices of the average man and woman who found their ideals voiced by Shipherd and those he gathered about him. Oberlin came to an unusual degree to speak for the middle class militant of the North.

It was a society that was being transformed by the industrial revolution, improved transportation, the Westward migrations, and an awakening social conscience. Free public schools were spreading beyond New England. By 1825 there was manhood suffrage in every Northern state except Rhode Island. Throughout the North the aristocratic society of the early years of the Republic was being challenged on all fronts. The political aristocracy of the Massachusetts and Virginia dynasty was under fire. So was the religious aristocracy of Calvinism with its doctrine of the elect few predestined to salvation. So was the social and educational aristocracy of the man's world in which women were allowed only a subordinate part. So was the system of slavery. So, after the panic of 1837, was the economic structure which was held accountable for widespread misery.

This unrest was not confined to the United States. There was free trade in ideas and panaceas spread from Europe to America. Thus came the English reformer, Robert Owen, to lose a fortune in a communistic colony at New Harmony, Indiana. His son, Robert Dale Owen, took up the work with others who sought to escape from the ruthless new industrial order and in 1845 summoned a "World Convention to Emancipate the Human Race from Ignorance, Poverty, Division, Sin and Misery." In France, Marie Charles Fourier proclaimed the Utopia of the Phalanx. One was established in France, forty in America, including the famous Brook Farm. Etienne Cabet published his "Voyage en Icarie" and Icarias bloomed in America. There were "times stores" and "labor notes" and coöperatives. Emerson wrote Carlyle that anyone you met on the street might produce a new community project from his vest pocket.



THE religious-social upheavals, however, were more extensive and in the end more significant than the attempts to establish economic Utopias. Protestant Christianity, aroused by ardent evangelists, was on the march. Under its flying banners gathered missionary societies, Bible societies, Sabbath reformers, religious education, and Sabbath School societies. Allied with them were anti-slavery societies, peace societies, temperance societies, physiological reform and moral reform societies, and educational reformers. Under the inspiration of this movement more than five hundred denominational colleges were founded. These were started not primarily as educational institutions but as agencies for the effective spreading of the Gospel.

It was what Morison and Commager have called "America's awkward age." But it was bursting with vitality. Middle-class America of the Northern states was driving furiously toward an equalitarian way of life which was expected to flower in the Kingdom of God on earth.

Oberlin, the colony and the college, was a child of its time in that it was projected by come-outers, like the founders of the various Utopias of the period. But the interest at Oberlin was not in economic progress. It was in religion and all the related moral and social and educational reforms. In this it was more characteristic of the middle class of the Northern states than were the projects of the eco-

*A HISTORY OF OBERLIN COLLEGE. From Its Foundation through the Civil War. By Robert Samuel Fletcher. Oberlin, Ohio: Oberlin College. 1943. 1004 pp. $5.

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nomic Utopians. With its crusading zeal Oberlin could not remain isolated. The founders and pioneers attracted by the Shipherd experiment were powerful men, conscious of a great mission.

Eccentric they were, self-righteous, intolerant. But they had a fierce courage. They braved the contempt of the cultured conservatives of their time who regarded them as dangerous radicals and Oberlin as a breeding ground of destructive ideas. Undismayed by obstacles and opposition they went their way crying woe to those that were at ease in Zion. So it was they made this struggling wilderness college a dynamic center of the unrest of the nation, a spearhead in the forward movement.

The story is told in Professor Robert Samuel Fletcher's scholarly "History of Oberlin College From Its Foundation Through the Civil War." Considered in its setting it furnishes a wealth of detail that illumines the conflicts, the blind alleys, the reverses, the hard-won progress, the development of middle-class thinking in that critical and formative period of the national life.

The wilderness institution was named for a French-Protestant pastor of a parish in the Ban de la Roche in Alsace. In this backward mountainous district, Jean Frédéric Oberlin had made himself leader of his people in agriculture, public health, industry, and education as well as in religion. In 1830, four years after his death, an account of his life was published by the American Sunday School Union. This little book was an inspiration to Shipherd and Oberlin seemed an appropriate name for his enterprise.

The mottoes adopted by Western colleges often reflected the hard conditions from which they sprang. Harvard's *Veritas* might be the goal. It could wait. Oberlin took "Learning and Labor," a phrase that embodied the ideas not only of its founders, but of its constituents as well. The college started out as a manual labor institution with the twin purposes of enabling students to pay their way, and of giving them useful training in working with their hands.

In spite of the leveling influence of the frontier, when Oberlin was founded the higher education was denied to women. There were a few female seminaries and coeducational secondary schools. Oberlin's contribution was to admit young women to the complete college course and establish "joint education of the sexes" for students of college grade. The innovation was widely denounced by sound thinking people. "This amalgamation of the sexes won't do!" exclaimed Lyman Beecher. "A rash experiment," was the verdict of a writer in *The New York Evangelist*. But the pattern of coeducation was followed, partly for economic reasons, in the new state universities and land-grant colleges, and eventually in many of the denominational institutions.

Presumably the critics felt vindicated when Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, and Betsey Cowles emerged from Oberlin to be leaders in the feminist movement. It was not with the blessings of the college that they so emerged. Oberlin was willing to educate young women. It was not prepared for the explosive consequences of this education, and it sought to damp them. In 1847 Lucy Stone was not permitted to appear with the men graduates and read her graduating essay. Antoinette Brown finished her theological course at Oberlin, but was too tactful to request ordination. Three years later she was ordained in her own church at South Butler, New York. Oberlin only reluctantly gave to America its first ordained woman Protestant minister. Once out of school these earnest young women took an active hand in the early National Woman's Rights conventions. While the Northern middle class was in a reforming mood it had its conventional proprieties which it held sacred. These were outraged by the ladies who insisted they should have the ordinary rights of human beings. Their wilful course caused acute distress even among those Oberlinites who had not yet perceived the full implications of the revolt against privilege with which their institution was identified.

Another equalitarian problem came up in the first year of Oberlin's existence—a problem that still persists. Shipherd raised the question of admitting Negroes. He could point to Princeton, Western Reserve College, and Lane Seminary that already had admitted them. A Negro had graduated from Bowdoin in 1827 and one from Dartmouth in 1928. But to his surprise the proposal evoked consternation among both trustees and students and was voted down. The evils of slavery were on the conscience of the pioneers. But Oberlin was already under fire for admitting women. The fire would be redoubled if Negroes were admitted.

Fate was with Shipherd. The faculty at Lane seminary, Cincinnati, was in revolt over an attempt by the trustees to limit freedom of discussion. Some of the leaders including the great revivalist, Charles G. Finney, were ready to migrate to Oberlin with important financial support from Eastern abolitionists, but only on condition that Negroes be admitted to the college. The argument was too powerful to be

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Fighting on the Russian Front

NO QUARTER ON RUSSIA'S FIGHTING LINES. By Konstantin Simonov. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1943. 231 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

THIS is a book that burns with the white heat of hatred. At sight of one of the thousands of dead Nazis that the author came upon he had "to fight against my impulse to tear these clean hands from the tree to which they are clinging." The author is Konstantin Simonov, a correspondent of the Red Army newspaper *Red Star*. His book shows how and why the Russians—soldiers and civilians—are fighting from the Crimea to the Arctic.

In a marine attack on a Nazi-held town, the Russian captain ordered his men to bring in German prisoners. Three times they returned empty-handed; they were sent back empty-handed right and left. "Do as I say, bring the Nazis alive," the squadron commander," please you wish, commanded the sailor, "but I have no order to let a German live." Despite the strength of the Nazis. But the torpedo boat crews had, in the words of their commander, "rapidity, surprise, daring . . . and one thing more: a stout Russian heart, the kind every one of my boys has."

—*Sovfoto*

Russian soldiers threading their way through Nazi barbed-wire fortifications.

In 1941 Mr. Simonov saw Russian refugees move eastward before the German advance. They left slowly, for they could not bear to leave their homes. And they could not believe that their Army would not be retreating.

When Stalingrad tipped the scales of victory and the Soviet armies marched westward, the refugees hurried back to their villages. They streamed back while the guns were still within hearing and the fires were still burning. For the most part they had no homes to go back to. The few houses that stood had been wrecked and looted. Mr. Simonov tells tragic stories of these pitiful homecomings. And he hates, and the Red soldier hates, the invaders who inflicted this suffering on the Russian people.

The fury of the soldiers' urge to vengeance goes far to explain the Soviet's military success. "Forward, forward, always forward marched Sergeant Patusin . . . paying them back for everything: for his native Odessa, which he will reconquer, for the blood he had shed there, for his old wound which still ached." With Sergeant Patusin marches all Russia.

"No Quarter on Russia's Fighting Lines" is a series of sketches depicting warfare on the varied fronts of the Soviet's 2000-mile battle line. Among the most remarkable—possibly because Americans hear less about it—are the stories of the war in the Arctic region. Appalling and incredible are the conditions under which battles are fought in sub-polar ice, wind, and snow. One of the sketches tells how a few Soviet torpedo boats sank an enemy convoy bound for Finland. The stormy sea favored the big ships of

A particularly dramatic sketch is "On the Road to Petsamo." In it the author conveys the sense of mystery and desolateness that haunts the land of the midnight sun. The region was in Nazi hands. About ten o'clock one night 150 Soviet frontier guards and twenty sappers turned up in the snow-bound crevices among the cliffs deep behind the enemy lines. Before morning they had blown up a strategic bridge, demolished houses, huts, and cars. "They kept on coolly shooting down the Germans, who were at last getting their desserts. This was not a real revenge—it was only the beginning." At a loss of only two men, the Russians left 200 enemy corpses scattered on the snow. To this day the Nazis do not know how the Soviets got behind their well-patrolled and fortified lines.

Mr. Simonov plays up the modest heroes of land, sea, and air. He plays up, too, the self-effacing heroes of farm and village who have fought their own kind of fight against the invader. He singles out the few Russian spies and quislings and holds out no hope of mercy for any of their stripe when the day of reckoning comes.

"No Quarter on Russia's Fighting Lines" lives up to its title. It is tense, packed, vivid, and often brutal. It races along at the tempo of machine-gun fire. Thirty-two photographs illustrate the savagery and the heroism that mark the Nazi-Soviet combat.

Record of Four Journeys

ALASKA DIARY. By Ales Hrdlicka. Pennsylvania: Jacques Cattell Press. 1943. 414 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

DR. ALES HRDLICKA belongs to that closing epoch of scientific exploration in which the individual still counted, and could by his one-handed efforts make important discoveries in his field. Likewise he belongs to that passing generation of scientists who were not so much specialists that their work was understandable to only an infinitesimal number of colleagues. His domain was anthropology, his specialty anthropometry, which brought to them training in archeology, paleontology, and biology.

His "Alaska Diary," published shortly before his death is, as the title indicates, a day-to-day record of four journeys to Alaska reaching from 1926 and 1931, which traversed all of the Territory except the southeastern panhandle. To the student who contains journals of the Territory it contains journals of value to the general reader; it is of some interest to students of various varieties of Alaska life, to glimpse hundreds of communities and sites at a given time through Dr. Hrdlicka's eyes.

However, literary craftsmanship was—to judge from this book—not one of Dr. Hrdlicka's fortes. The daily recital of unimportant and ephemeral detail grows wearisome. A typical passage:

> At 10 a little sandwich, fruit, cinnamon cake—regardless of a roach that just ran over it, there are too many—with coffee, and to bed. But nervous cough keeps me up for another hour. . . .
>
> August 13. Packing. A nice day. Towards evening stop once more at Kevalina—obtain a few specimens and pictures. To bed soon, but cough still bothers. Have nothing for it, and outside of the most ordinary there is but little in the boat's dispensary.

Dr. Hrdlicka spent a large part of his life in the field—digging, sifting earth in the hope of finding an unusual artifact, a significant relic, a typical or unusual bone. He sifted a vast amount for an occasional worthwhile specimen. That is likewise the fate of the reader of his "Alaska Diary."

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The Gardenist on Strawberry Hill

HORACE WALPOLE: GARDENIST. By Isabel Wakelin Urban Chase. Princeton: Princeton University Press for the University of Cincinnati. 1943. 285 *pp., and index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

HORACE WALPOLE is one of those writers, as everyone knows, who has something for everyone. It wouldn't surprise me if somewhere he had appropriate remarks on obstetrics or astrophysics. This time it's landscape gardening which got pretty well scrambled with the Gothic Revival, in which he played his part, but concerning which he displayed a good deal of imagination and his usual good sense. This, in spite of his coinage of the term gardenist (meaning a designer of gardens) which happily has never obtained currency.

The present volume (a very workmanlike job as far as the tyro can judge) consists of a critical edition of the famous essay, "The History of the Modern Taste in Gardening," explanatory notes, a study of the background of Walpole's notions, an analysis of those notions, and remarks on the gardens of his contemporaries, on his own practice at Strawberry Hill, and on the effect of his thoughts and acts on later artists in the same medium. The work is a lot less stupid than one might gather from this summary.

Mrs. Chase has taken infinite pains with her text and has fallen into a very fever of collation. There are no less than 477 notes on points of style and spelling, in forty pages, followed by thirty-seven pages of explanatory matter. It's almost alarming. The easy-going essay labors a little under this carapace of scholarship. And one is apt to resent this transmogrification of a hare into a tortoise. But I'll never make fun of the lady for working hard. And Mrs. Chase shows taste and judgment when she gets down to discussing a subject evidently of burning interest to her.

Landscape gardening is an odd art governed at one moment by orthodox geometry, at another by the romantically non-Euclidean. In the eighteenth century the middle-class nobility reacted violently against the strict patterns of the seventeenth and went in for wilderness, real or artificial, for reasons much like those that made them love Ossian and the "Castle of Otranto." Factitious ruins and synthetic desolations made their appearance. Esthetic plutocrats moved clumps of trees around as if they were pigments on a canvas and chose their cattle for color effect in their meadows. They thought they had the clue to beauty in these matters, just as we do, and with no more reason, though here and there was something more than a faint glimmering, particularly in the much underestimated intelligence of Horace Walpole, to the effect that "nature in her nakedness defeats us every time." Their

—*From the painting by McArdell.*
Horace Walpole

roads were laid out to correspond with "curves of beauty" and to lead to "prospects" which lay in ambush on any great estate. In this country, there is many a holder of an A card who might rightfully curse the names of Kent and "Capability" Brown, as he drives four times further than necessary over his own land in Stockbridge.

Walpole is pretty much on the side of good sense in his essay, which was written as a sort of appendix to his "Anecdotes of Painting," with which art in the sight of his times his subject might properly be associated. For it must be remembered, as Mrs. Chase is at pains to tell us, that landscape gardening was regarded as the sister of painting and poetry. Pope and Shenstone thought so and ought to know. The essay has the flimsy but not charmless learning that the well bred of the time expected, and more gumption than they ordinarily got. ture with her eyebrows plucked not too manicured is the idea. ill fares the country place where is too evident. On the whole, W is leaning in the general direc permanent good taste, even if say that "an open country canvas on which a landsca be designed," or thinks a fa a sham spire is legitimate s But he actually did love t, for its own wild sake, and too.

Needless to say, his h

to be found in this paper as in almost everything he wrote. But it should be observed once more that when he wrote ostensibly for publication, he fell short of what he could do in a theoretically private letter. His essays, as has been noted, resemble the patterns admired by Sir William Temple and abhorred on sound principles by Horace Walpole. And Mrs. Chase, after diligently combing the letters, provides a sufficient number of specimens of (apparently) unstudied grace to do a good deal more than bear out the position. Some critic has said that Walpole talked best to one person—in the expectation of being overheard. And, as has also been noticed, overheard he was. The viewer does not know any reason for disbelieving Mrs. Chase when she maintains that Walpole's essay had effect on men like Olmstead a century later, in which case Central Park owes something to Strawberry Hill, which has its oddity.

The specialist in landscape gardening may very likely find this an illuminating book. The student of literary history will certainly discover some curious aspects of the eighteenth century that are not in his alley. And it is pleasant to find an instructed reviewer to speak of Mrs. Chase as a lady who joins modest competence and is happily free with what must be the delightful business of landscape gardening.

...e to Smile

...ORIES JUST TO LAUGH HA...tephen Leacock. New York: ...Mead & Co. 1943. 240 *pp.* ...

...RE is another anthology of ...he inimitable Leacock stories. ...What more remains to be said? ...was a time when Leacock could us howl with laughter if he so as opened his mouth. Was he ...er then? Or is it that we—and ...know. The essay has the flimsy bu...mile and that's a lot these days ...ree minutes and fall off with that ...nile on your lips. Or if you need ...wenty minutes to relax there are ...quite a number of longer ones. M. B.

The Macmillan Co. announces a series of Centenary Awards to men and women in the Armed Forces not over thirty-five years of age. Prizes for fiction and non-fiction total $10,000. Details of the Centenary Awards are available at the Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

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1943 O. Henry $hort $tories

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES. Edited by Herschel Brickell. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

THIS is the twenty-fifth birthday of the O. Henry Award, and toward it I have always cherished an especial tenderness. First, because it gives actual money, and in no mean sums, to authors; hard cash money (or its present equivalent) which is lovely. Second, because the anthology seems invariably to be edited by people for whose judgment I have great respect, in this case Herschel Brickell, than whom no more mellow and less doctrinaire critic ever made interesting the book-pages of New York. Third, because I once won first prize myself, and I remember the pleasure it gave me; the nice, warm feeling, like a little bonfire suddenly lit. So every time the book comes out, I think of the authors who have won prizes, and of how they must feel wherever they are, and I reflect upon what a good, and sensible, and unusual arrangement the whole thing is. Sydney Porter would have liked it, too. No author knew better than he that authors, whatever else anyone may have to say, have to live, and that more than any people save doctors, who share the same financial hazards, they give away time and work.

As for myself, the telegram came at an apposite moment. I was in Hollywood, and it was dusk, and all about the hotel was a cold California fog. There is no place in the world where authors feel more at a loss than in Hollywood. It eats at the very roots of their being as the worm Nidhögg eats at the roots of the tree of life, Yggdrasil. And now it was so long ago, that perhaps I may be allowed to tell the sequel.

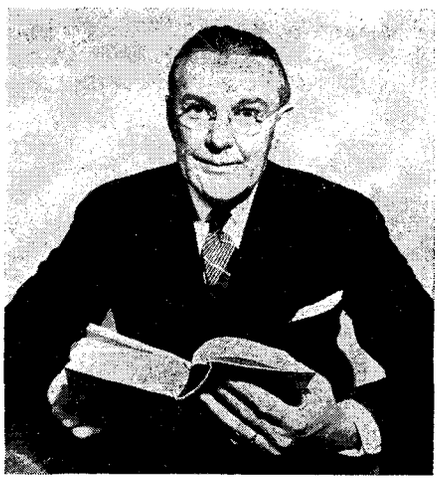
The prize was presented at a large dinner at the Hotel Astor in the middle of the winter, and in those days it was five hundred dollars—there was only a first and second award then—and the custom at first was to present the prizes in the form of ten dollar gold pieces, done up in canvas sacks. So there I stood, thanking the judges, at midnight, a heavy sack of gold pieces in my hand, and all along the walls a fringe of lounging waiters, the majority of whom at the moment looked to me peculiarly sinister. But that was only the beginning. Afterwards, in the small hours, I had to take a taxicab across town to the hotel where I was staying, and when I got there and got out to pay my fare, bag in hand, I found I had left my pocketbook on my bureau drawer while dressing for dinner. I had five hundred dollars, but no change. So I opened the bag and took out a gold piece. To my relief I saw that the taxi-driver was more afraid of me than I was of him.

He did not know that he was merely in the presence of that rare thing, a man made absent-minded by satisfaction.

And so perhaps, after this introduction, it may sound ungracious on my part to say that in places this present collection, good as it is, is not to me, at least, as satisfactory as some of the others. I think from now on critics will have to watch carefully for "the dream-world" into which the stark horrors of the present not unnaturally is driving the creative mind; a "dream-world," to make things all the more confusing, disguised by the surface realism of this decade. This dream-world is important and worth recording, and there has not been enough of it in the past in American writing, but when it mistakes itself for objective description, it comes to the edge of a precipice at the bottom of which is hard ground called lack of conviction.

Lack of conviction on the part of the reader, that is. The author, of course, is always convinced.

It is quite true, as Miss Esther Forbes says, as quoted by Mr. Brickell in his excellent introduction, that the American short story in the past forty years has evolved from little else but technique and plot and cleverness, through the story that was entirely subjective and had no plot at all—the sketch, the impression, that is—to the present worthy attempt to make perception, the subjective, develop its own plot naturally. From having nothing but a skeleton, as Miss Forbes continues, the American short story went through a period when it threw the skeleton away for a fine but formless mass of emotional flesh, and now it is emerging into a realization that the skeleton, or some sort of plot, is necessary to hold the flesh together. All of which is to the good, but what Miss Forbes is saying is that the American short story, together with the American, is growing up. And what she is describing is no more than the real short story. But since it is the most difficult form of the most difficult of the graphic arts, it requires on the part of the author a judgment, a sympathy, a lucid and intelligent conviction of some kind that can come only as the result of experience, early or late, or else talent so rare as to be near genius. And where an annual anthology gets off in the face of this high hazard, I don't know.



—*Newspictures*

Herschel Brickell

I have no quarrel with the awards. The prize story, "Livvie Is Back," by Eudora Welty, is a beautiful story, in its atmosphere, its writing, its characterization, but it suffers, I think, from exactly the contemporary danger I have been attempting to describe; the paradoxical reversal of the old-fashioned story where the characters and atmosphere are forced by Procustean methods to fit the plot. Here the plot is forced by Procustean methods to fit the conception and perception. "The Knot Hole," by Dorothy Canfield, which won second prize, is also a notable story, as is "The Fishermen of Patzcuaro," by William Fifield, which won third prize, and "The Little Black Boys," by Clara Laidlaw, which won the special prize as the author's first published short story.

These are all fine short stories, as are Pearl Buck's "The Enemy," a magnificent analysis of Japanese psychology; Austin Strong's "She Shall Have Music," "White for the Living," by Margarita G. Smith, and "Standby," by Sara Grinnell. "The Old She 'Gator," by Peggy von der Goltz, is a beauty, extraordinarily vivid and exciting, and with lots of bottom to it. So far as I am concerned, it seemed to me the best story in the book with one exception.

As quietly as a mouse, James Thurber enters in according to his custom, in a story called "The Cane in the Corridor," and then suddenly he becomes a cat; a cat walking with night and terror along the thin edge of a moonlit roof-tree. That's magic, and has long been customary with this particular author. He is a master of the short story Miss Forbes and Herschel Brickell are talking about; the real short story.

After awhile, possibly, more Americans will write such stories, but they will first have to feel and know more.

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Forgotten Dentures

Molars and Murders in Old New York

RICHARDSON WRIGHT

IF, during the early 1890s, a New Yorker suffered from an annoying molar, like as not he eventually would arrive at 215 Madison Avenue and open his mouth to the knowledgeable inspection of young Dr. Rodrigues Ottolengui. And he would have made a wise choice. Dr. Ottolengui, besides already being a dentist of repute, had published "Methods of Filling Teeth," illustrated with 237 line cuts and fortified with an index. The 1891 edition was followed by revised printings in 1898 and 1899 which were accepted both here and abroad as the authoritative work on the subject. The succeeding generation of American and British dentists, as it were, cut their teeth on it.

Of this book our supposititious New Yorker may have learned on his first visit. The mere mention of such a workmanlike job would have assured confidence to any patient. On subsequent visits he might have learned that the man who filled his cavity was also a charter member of the New York Entomological Society, founded in 1892, being a butterfly fan and having assembled a large collection of rare North American lepidoptera (it is now in the Museum of Natural History); that he was a taxidermist of no mean note; and that, as a member of the New York Camera Club, he had received many prizes for pictorial photography. But what would probably interest him most was that Dr. Ottolengui had become our dental counterpart and almost the literary contemporary of England's physician crime-solver, Dr. Conan Doyle.

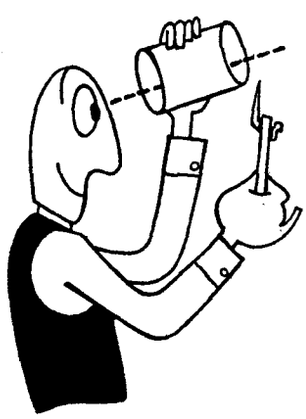
In 1891 "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" began running serially in the *Strand Magazine;* in 1892, under the Putnam imprint, appeared the first of Dr. Ottolengui's sleuth stories, "An Artist in Crime." Modernize the furnishing of the rooms, throw in a few telephones and automobiles, substitute a little café society talk for the stilted dialogue, and Putnam's Earle Balch would snap it up today. Besides being published in the United States and England, "An Artist in Crime" appeared in French, German, and Polish editions.

The plot ranges from Boston, to New York, to New Orleans. It has all the marks of a skilfully planned detective story. In this first work Dr. Ottolengui created two characters who were to wind their devious ways through several more full-length mysteries and a sizable quantity of short stories. These were Robert Leroy Mitchell, a monied gentleman of leisure and collector of precious stones who imagines himself able to outdo detectives in their own line of work—and sometimes does—and John Barnes, fledgling Boston lawyer turned sleuth.

The conventional hapless police officer appears only casually in this and subsequent stories. Nor have I been able to find any evidence of lepidoptera, photography, or taxidermy. In only one story did dentistry provide a solution.

Dr. Ottolengui was evidently a man with a many-track mind. Both the dental calling and the writing habit ran in his family. Born in Charleston in 1861, he was the son of Daniel Ottolengui, author and playwright, and Helen Rosalie Rodrigues Ottolengui, also an author, regarded at one time as the handsomest woman in South Carolina. Octavus Roy Cohen was his cousin. Another cousin, Count Aguilar, served as dentist to the former King Alphonso of Spain. His grandfather, Dr. B. A. Rodrigues of Charleston, was a distinguished dentist. Coming to New York, the young Ottolengui studied dentistry under Drs. W. A. Atkinson and Norman W. Kingsley and to the latter he became assistant for a time, after which he set up his own dental "engine" and operating cabinet.

Apparently he did not allow his various digressions to interfere with his calling: his dental reputation was well sustained for fifty years. "Polk's Dental Register" for 1925 reports his offices then at 80 West 40th Street, a New York block made famous by two other members of the medical profession—Dr. Herman Knapp, the famous ophthalmologist (his son follows the same calling), and Dr. E. G. Janeway, once New York's most popular consulting physician. Dr. Ottolengui was not to lay down his drills until 1933, a long life colored with fillings, photography, taxidermy, butterflies, professional papers, and good deeds. Four years after he had retired from active practice, on July 11, he died.



In his second yarn, "A Conflict of Evidence," 1893, set in a small New Hampshire town and equipped with a map of the crime, the author dispenses with ruby-collecting Mitchell but reveals a growing legalistic knowledge. It also leaves us with Jack Barnes now the chief of his own private detective bureau in New York.

Ottolengui had struck his gait and the production line was flowing. In 1894 appeared "A Modern Wizard," with a dedication to the Hon. George F. Andrews, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. There is no evidence that Judge Andrews's assistance was repaid by free dental work, but the story does rise to the climax of a well-devised court trial. Concerned with the fantastic and criminal tendencies of a Dr. Medjora who was steeped in the etiology of insanity and finally went that way, "A Modern Wizard" indicates that Dr. Ottolengui had been dabbling in pre-Freudian abnormal psychology. He also had Medjora suggesting that insanity was a germ disease which could be cured by a serum. It was the beginning of the theory, since seriously considered, that many cases of mental disease are traceable to infections about the teeth. For all its medical theories, a speedy and fabulous thriller, this.

"The Crime of the Century" came next and with this Jack Barnes's foil, Mr. Mitchell, is older and richer. He has traveled abroad and learned that Barnes's reputation already has reached England and the Continent. The story is spun around a New York multi-millionaire and his foundling daughter and shows how the sins of youth can rise up to smite a man in his respectable old age. It also reveals Dr. Ottolengui as having acquired a working knowledge of New York's underworld and a close acquaintance with an organization such as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The latter may have stemmed from another interest in Dr. Ottolengui's life: his obituaries also speak of him as a philanthropist.

In 1891 appeared "Final Proof or The Value of Evidence." This, together with "An Artist in Crime," was reprinted in Putnam's Knickerbocker Library in 1903. Between these boards

(*Continued on page* 21)

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Toward a Dissolution of Ignorance

THE NEW EUROPE. By Bernard Newman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1943. 568 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by
WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

AT the time of the Versailles Peace Conference there were amusing anecdotes, some perhaps apocryphal, others probably true, about the ignorance of some of the leading figures regarding the history, geography, and economics of the territories which were being reapportioned. There was the story of the distinguished statesman who was never quite sure in his own mind as to the respective locations of Silesia and Cilicia. Lloyd George is alleged to have been uncertain as to whether Upper or Lower Silesia was being detached from Germany. I recall a credible tale of an American business man who was convinced that he was going to Bucharest when he had a ticket for Budapest and American newspapers often mixed up the Baltic and the Balkan States in their headlines. Most of their readers knew and cared little about either.

To anyone who feels a personal qualm of conscience about being in a state of dilletante ignorance in relation to the less known frontier districts of Europe, Mr. Newman's book can be heartily recommended. For it is a keen, readable, informed survey of Europe's many border problems between the two wars, accompanied by positive suggestions as to how the frontiers of a Europe freed from Axis domination should be drawn. Mr. Newman travelled extensively in Eastern Europe during the years between the two wars and he is able to present Danzig and the Sudetenland, Galicia and Bessarabia, Slovakia and the Banat, places that have been off the beaten track of the ordinary tourist, against a background of genuine personal knowledge of the peoples who live there.

—*Burck in* The Chicago Times
"Hot Seat."

Because of this bedrock foundation of solid information he presents the complicated pattern of racial relationships in Eastern and Central Europe fairly and accurately. When he proposes a clear departure from the principle of self-determination, as in his suggestion that East Prussia be turned over to Poland, he frankly admits that one principle of the Atlantic Charter is being sacrificed for what he considers a greater good: assurance against a revival of German militarism.

The author corrects two fairly widespread misapprehensions about Poland. The much criticized corridor, as he shows, was one of the most preponderantly Polish regions of the country, as regards the make-up of its population. And the so-called Curzon Line, designed as a temporary demarcation device, not as a permanent frontier, by no means represents the eastern ethnographical boundary of Poland, as is sometimes assumed in discussions of the Soviet territorial claims for a large part of what was formerly Eastern Poland. As Mr. Newman says:

> The population of the portion of Poland occupied by Russia consisted of about 5,250,000 Poles, 4,500,000 Ukranians, 1,100,000 Byelo-Russians, 1,100,000 Jews, 130,000 Russians and about 500,000 people of smaller groups of indeterminate nationality.

So, even if one should assume that all the Ukrainians and Byelorussians were in favor of joining the Soviet Ukrainian and Byelorussian republics, which is highly questionable, the Soviet territorial claim would be open to considerable objections and reservations on the basis of national self-determination. As in many parts of Central, Eastern, and Southeastern Europe, an ideally perfect national frontier cannot be drawn for Eastern Poland. The city of Lvov, for instance, is a traditional centre of Polish culture, while Ukrainian peasants make up the majority of the population in the countryside of Eastern Galicia.

The book suffers from the drawback of having been written some two years ago, before America entered the war. This probably explains an attitude toward Soviet claims in Eastern Europe that is scarcely realistic, in the light of more recent developments. Such statements as "it is reasonable to assume that after victory she (the Soviet Union) will retire to the original frontiers settled by the Treaty of Riga"

—*Werner in* The Charleston Gazette.
"Zero Hour for Germany."

and "the once-difficult problem of Prussian-Polish relations is likely to be smoothed out by common sense and comradeship in arms" seem unduly optimistic.

Stalin has repeatedly made clear that he stands firmly for the inclusion in Russia of all the territories (Eastern Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, Esthonia, Bessarabia, Northern Bukovina, parts of Finland) acquired after his pact with Hitler. And "Russian-Polish comradeship in arms" can scarcely be said to exist on any large scale when relations have been broken off between the Soviet and Polish Governments and the largest Polish armed force, under the command of General Anders, was withdrawn from Soviet territory after common military action with the Red Army proved impossible, for reasons about which there is a sharp difference of opinion in Soviet and Polish sources.

In his views on the proper treatment of Germany after the war and on the organization of Europe, Mr. Newman hews close to the line laid down in the public addresses of Mr. Churchill. "First," he says, "it is necessary to insist that we are not only fighting Hitler and the Nazis; we are fighting Germany."

Proceeding on this thesis that the majority of the German people are Hitler's active or passive accomplices, the author calls for total elimination in Germany of any kind of armed force, for permanent United Nations bridgeheads on the Rhine in the West and on the Oder in the East, for a compulsory levy of household goods from every family in Germany for the benefit of the ravaged occupied countries. He would assign East Prussia to Poland and include Upper Silesia in a Polish-Czech federation. Otherwise he

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would leave Germany's political frontiers substantially intact, but would insist on a greater degree of federalism in the organization of the new German state and especially in a diminution of the power and preponderance of Prussia.

The author presents a reasoned case against the more ambitious schemes of international federation, pointing out that public opinion is far from prepared to accept abrogation or merging of sovereignties on a world scale. He advocates a system of regional federations for Europe and builds up a rather imposing blueprint for a federation in Eastern Europe which would begin with Poland and Czechoslovakia and might be expanded to include a democratic Hungary, the Balkan States, and the small Baltic Republics.

This scheme would scarcely commend itself to Stalin and its realization seems very uncertain, indeed almost impossible, if the Red Army has the last word to say about the new order in Eastern Europe and the Balkans. Because of the time-lag in the publication of the book, the author does not take account of such important developments as the breach in relations between the Soviet Union and the Polish Government-in-Exile, the Soviet opposition to the Polish-Czech political union, and the possible implications of the Soviet-sponsored "Union of Polish Patriots" and "Free Germany Committee."

When allowance is made for these omissions, however, "The New Europe" stands out as an extremely valuable handbook for the war and the ultimate peace settlement, factual rather than theoretical in its approach, and full of informative and suggestive material about the mosaic of nationalities that one finds between the Germans and the Russians.

The Making of a World Community

EMPIRE IN THE CHANGING WORLD. By W. K. Hancock. New York: Penguin Books, Inc. 1943. 186 *pp.* 25 cents.

UNITED WE STAND. By Basil Mathews. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 366 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

"OUR most urgent need in this tragic and critical period of history," says Professor Hancock, "is to get to work and make the world community." A sense of urgency ripples through this smoothly and persuasively written little book. Professor Hancock, Australian-born teacher of history at Birmingham University and student of Empire affairs, believes that Britain, by virtue of her own experience in building a commonwealth of nations, has much to offer in the building of a world commonwealth.

The trouble is that there are Englishmen who are not alive to the great task waiting for them, just as there are Americans who look with distaste on international responsibilities. Professor Hancock's analysis of imperial policy at a time of transition seems to aim at the vestiges of British, as well as U.S., isolationism. There is a tendency to forget that John Bull had counterparts of Uncle Sam's America Firsters, that until the year of Munich British policy was dominated by Empire Firsters. At the Ottawa Conference of 1932 the Dominions' major theme was "imperial self-sufficiency." By 1938 Empire leaders could see they were on the wrong path. The Commonwealth began to go on record in favor of another theme: "Imperial self-insufficiency and the virtue of world trade." After four years of war, Professor Hancock probably speaks for many thinking Britons when he says that the Empire cannot achieve a sound program of "welfare, freedom and peace" except as part of an international program.

The Professor mixes his idealism with realism. He is not one to defend the shortcomings of British imperialism, past and present. He believes a lot more could have been done, and must be done, for subject peoples. He stresses particularly the need to improve the material life of poor and primitive colonies; he is convinced that such improvement will do more to prepare the way for political responsibility than a lot of fussing around with constitutions. On the other hand, he is not one to belittle the benefits of British rule. He holds that in India, Britain has gone about as far as wisdom and decency permit; the next step is up to the Indians who must earn their freedom by getting together, by displaying a will to freedom and a "community of purpose." He sums up the British case:

> History has entrusted [the British people] with maritime power, commercial aptitude, and experience in the difficult art of human government. . . . Often enough they have been ruthless in their employment of power, greedy in their pursuit of trade, and repressive—Ireland is the witness—in their exercise of sovereignty. Yet there is also in their record much of gentleness and moderation . . . and a deep fund of justice. There is persistent growth of liberty. There is the growth of conscience. There is the habit of learning by experience. There is the capacity for adaptation and change.

Americans with Anglophobe tendencies could quarrel long and hotly with Professor Hancock. But they would find him a resolute debater. He has keen historical perspective. He is erudite, eloquent, and ready to exchange "knock for knock" or reason for reason. But his chief concern is to rouse his countrymen. In their "capacity for adaptation and change" he puts his hope for the emergence of an enlightened British imperialism within a new world order.

There are now thirty-two United Nations, not counting the French and Free Danes. Their populations total a thousand million and their lands cover much of the globe. Any attempt to present adequate "pictures" of these nations within the pages of an average-size book has to be heroic. Professor Mathews goes at it with zest, a fund of knowledge, a talent for synthesis, and an easy-flowing prose.

The "world voyage" begins with the U.S.S.R., itself a collection of forty-nine nationalities. Professor Mathews weaves geography, history, economics, and politics into a sensible, concise pattern. Some of his observations are shrewd: he considers Soviet "success" in amalgamating diverse nations "at different levels of culture into a unified coherent patriotic people" a fact of "outstanding importance for the future organization of the world."

From Russia the voyage goes on to China and the other United Nations. The pattern is similar, though inevitably space limitations make some of Professor Mathews's "pictures" skimpy. For China he has a deep, fair sympathy. For his second home, the United States, he has affection and some well-meant reproof. For his own British Empire he has a not uncritical admiration. Professor Mathews does less than justice to France. His aversion to Vichy is understandable; but his virtual skip over de Gaulle's resistance movement is puzzling, and his rather cold disdain for French imperialism might be a British prejudice.

On the whole, "United We Stand" serves as a handy and useful Baedeker of the United Nations.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 509)

R. L. STEVENSON:
CHRISTMAS SERMON

The task before us, which is to co-endure with our existence, is rather one of microscopic fineness, and the heroism required is that of patience. There is no cutting of the Gordian knots of 1 life; each must be smilingly unravelled.

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A New Byron Discovery

The Unknown Farewell to His Wife

GEORGE S. HELLMAN

SOME years ago, prior to writing a biography of Washington Irving, I was studying a great mass of unpublished Irvingiana—, notes, letters, diaries, journals. I came across a poem in Irving's autograph with this notation: "Stanzas said to be by Lord Byron." For the title the author used the following line: "To Her Who Best Can Understand Them."

Beyond a shadow of a doubt these stanzas are from the fluent and often vitriolic pen of the great poet. But how did Irving come to know them? Why did he merely ascribe them to Byron? Why do they not appear in Byron's published works? And who was the woman who best could understand them?

The answers to the first two queries rest largely on surmise. My theory is that the poem was confidentially shown to Irving by Thomas Moore shortly after Byron's death in 1824. Moore still had in his possession those memoirs of Byron which were finally, against his protest and, as he said, contrary to Byron's wishes, thrown to the flames. It may well be that the unknown poem then turned into ashes. In those years Irving and Moore were close friends. They were constantly together in London or in Paris. Byron died in April, 1824. In June, Irving went to Bath to meet Moore. The Irish poet was already engaged on preliminary work for his "Life and Letters of Lord Byron." He knew how greatly Irving admired the poems of Byron.

Four years earlier Moore had shown Irving a letter wherein Byron had expressed his enthusiasm for "your Mr. Irving's" writings, whereupon the American presented the Englishman with a copy of the "Sketch Book," inscribed: "Lord Byron, with the author's high respect and admiration." Irving's interest in Byron had led him to write a paper after Byron's death which I hope some day to recover from the pages of "Galignani's Messenger." Presumably it contains information imparted by Thomas Moore. It is definitely known that in June, 1924 at Bath, Moore read aloud to Irving passages from the memoirs later destroyed. It is likely that at the same time Irving heard and then copied out the unknown poem. Presumably he headed this copy with the words "Stanzas said to be by Lord Byron," instead of stating that the stanzas were Byron's, as a concession to Moore's request after a confidential reading. Parenthetically, it may be added that it was Irving who preserved the notes of a dramatic poem projected but never written by Byron. This drama of the dual nature of man was made the subject of a paper by Irving in "The Gift" an annual published at Philadelphia in 1835.

The other questions can be answered with even greater assurance. If the

memoirs were destroyed mainly because Augusta Leigh feared that they would establish beyond doubt her illicit relations with her step-brother, Lady Byron was sufficiently if not equally averse from the publication of bitter pages revelatory of her married life with Byron. The stanzas "To Her Who Best Can Understand Them," forever lost were it not for Washington Irving's copy, are among the most cruel verses ever addressed by a husband to his wife. Whether Moore showed them to Irving only, or whether they were seen by other eyes soon after Byron's death, it is quite apparent why, when the original manuscript was still extant, they were doomed to be barred from their author's collected works.

In September, 1814, Annabella, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, accepted Byron's proposal of marriage. Byron regretted the betrothal almost as soon as it had been consummated. He sought to postpone the wedding which finally took place in January, 1815. The marriage was tragic. Annabella, serious, religious, had hoped to reform the moody, dissolute, handsome young fellow of genius. Her virtues which he had previously admired now began to antagonize him. He had never really been in love with Annabella. Blasé from easy conquests, fearful of the consequences of his relations with Augusta, hardstrapped for ready cash, Byron had looked upon his marriage with an heiress as a new experience that might be worthwhile. But immediately the chains of wedlock galled him, and the gloom and cruelty in his nature led to acts so crushingly humiliating that, before a year had gone by, Annabella, their infant in her arms, left Byron forever. In March, 1816, the divorce was arranged. Shortly thereafter, Byron, a discredited man, held in contempt by the social world wherein he had moved with dark brilliancy, left his native land. His distorted mind led him to ascribe his misfortunes to the wife who had sought to reform him.

In some moods, however, Byron recognized that the fault was his. In one of these moods he wrote the often quoted poem beginning:

> Fare thee well, and if forever
> Still forever, fare thee well:
> Even though unforgiving never
> 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

But in another mood, black and revengeful, he addressed the wife who had discarded him, in the stanzas preserved by Washington Irving. As we analyze these stanzas Byron rises before us still unforgiving and now rebellious at heart. The two poems were composed probably at about the same time, though the theory is tenable that the vindictive verses were written somewhat later. In any case, they have the identical verse form, a simple form seldom met with in Byron's poetry. And the two poems begin with lines very similar. "Fare thee well and if forever" being close akin to "Be it so! We part forever."

The well-known poem is a sentimental appeal to his wife, much like a letter Byron wrote when he still hoped to dissuade her from the divorce. The unknown poem is a bitter, and of course unjust, arraignment of a shamefully mistreated woman. Byron stabs again, as he had in angry talks with his bride, where he reiterates in three stanzas that he had never loved her. Pride, disdain, scorn, silent sorrow—all so characteristic of Byron—enter into the verses. Saying that he does not hate her because he never loved her, he writes that once he "honor'd and esteem'd" her for those "false charms" which once endeared Annabella to him. He says that he will not "e'en in madness" (and Byron was not far from being a madman at times) doom her to her "just desert": but then follows the hope that some day the "false syren" should suffer as he now is suffering. He who rejected his wife's love and broke her spirit, here with consuming egoism

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accuses her of "trifling with a trusting heart."

As a poem the verses are strikingly Byronic both in sentiment and expression, written with a directness, a passionate simplicity that the theme evokes, and yet enriched with phrases and similes that are the marks of poetic genius. But above all, their contents show in relation to the circumstances of their composition, that when Byron wrote them "to her who best can understand them," he was addressing them to the wife who indeed in the deepest of pity and sorrow could fathom their full significance.

And now the transcript made by Irving:—

TO HER WHO BEST CAN UNDERSTAND THEM

Be it so! we part forever—
Let the past as nothing be:
Had I only loved thee, never
Thou hads't been thus dear to me.

Had I loved and thus been slighted
That I better could have borne;
Love is quell'd when unrequited,
By the rising throbs of scorn.

Had I lov'd I now might hate thee,
In that hatred solace seek,
Might exult to execrate thee
And in words my vengeance wreak.

But there is a silent sorrow
Which can find no vent in speech,
Which disdains relief to borrow
From the heights which verse can reach

Like a clankless chain enthralling,
Like the sleepless dreams that mock;
Like the frigid icedrops falling
From the surf-surrounded rock;

Such the cold and sickening feeling
Thou hast caused this heart to know,
Stabbed the deeper by concealing
From the world its bitter woe.

Once it fondly, proudly deem'd thee
All that fancy's self could paint;
Once it honor'd and esteem'd thee
As its idol and its saint.

More than woman thou was't to me,
Not as man I looked on thee;
Why like woman then undo me!
Why heap man's worst curse on me?

Wast thou but a fiend, assuming
Friendship's smile and woman's art;
And in borrowed beauty coming
Trifling with a trusting heart?

If so, wherefor should we sunder?
Hast thou not my nature changed?
Then regard me not with wonder,
Though despair with demons ranged.

By that eye which once could glisten
With opposing glance on me;
By that ear which once could listen
To each tale I told to thee—

By that lip, its smile bestowing,
Which could soften sorrow's gush;
By that cheek, once brightly glowing
With pure friendship's well feigned blush—

By all those false charms united
Thou hast wrought thy wanton will
And without compunction blighted
Though thou wouldst not kindly kill.

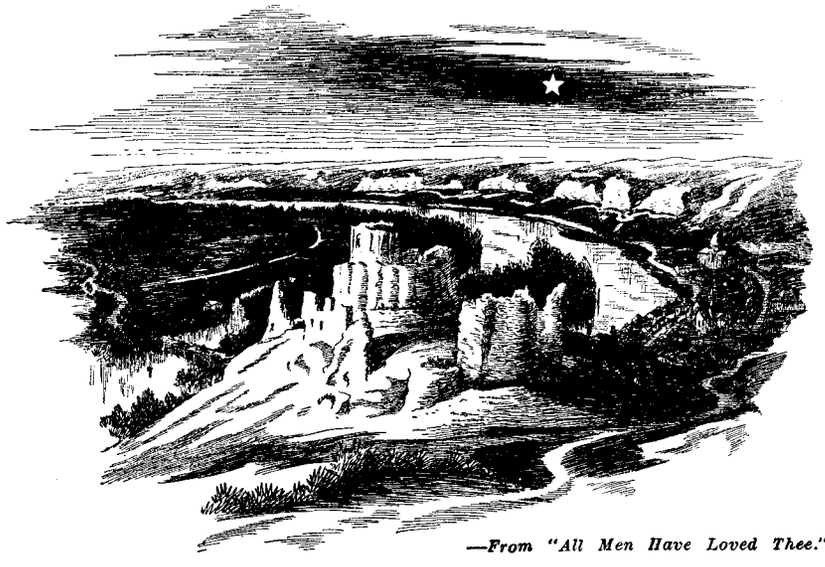
Yet I curse thee not in sadness,
Still I feel how dear thou wert;
And I could not e'en in madness
Doom thee to thy just desert.

Live! and when my life is over,
Should thine own be lengthened long,
Thou mayst then too late discover
By thy feelings—all my wrong.

When thy beauties all are faded,
When thy flatterers fawn no more,
Ere the solemn shroud hath shaded
Some regardless reptile's store—

Ere that hour, false syren! hear me;
Thou mayst feel what I do now;
While my spirit hovering near thee
Whispers friendship's broken vow.

But—'tis useless to upbraid thee
With thy past or present state:
What thou wast—my fancy made thee;
What thou art—I know too late.



—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."

Human Frustration

THE SENTIMENTALIST. By Frances Winwar. New York: Harper & Bros. 1943. 337 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

THE story of a marriage between a sensitive, unsophisticated girl and a handsome egoist. Donald Harlan is a man who, without principle, is yet too insecure to be a large-scale crook, a man of talents but no integrity and with an infinite capacity for rationalization of every failure. A young Tammany lawyer, he has become involved in a city-wide scandal and while waiting for the sensation to blow over, he goes into temporary retirement to a small town where he is unknown. There he meets Abby Page, a romantic eighteen-year-old girl, the pride of her trusting family. They fall desperately in love, Abby accepting Donald without question at his own valuation. They marry, and Donald, frustrated in his ambitions, begins a course of progressive deterioration. Disillusioned, she still feels bound to him by her pity and by his frantic clinging to their love, to him the last remaining proof of his worth. When their poverty becomes acute she finds a career on the stage, but her success merely intensifies his jealousy. In the new circle of friends, she meets and learns to love Richard, a free-lance explorer and writer. She divorces Donald but before she can marry Richard he is shot by the desperate ex-husband. The book ends with an unconvincing trial scene from which Donald emerges completely vindicated. We leave Abby "within the fortress of her love and memories. Nothing could reach her, nothing could harm her now."

"The Sentimentalist" is one of those novels—of which there are many these days—that leave you pondering on the reason for their writing. Certainly no reader will find cheerful entertainment here, but neither will she (I can't imagine a man's reading it) find the pleasure of psychological insight and convincing truth that redeem the better novels of human frustration. There is nothing subtle about Donald. You know him from the ground as soon as you have met him, and that Abby should have put up with him for years does much to undermine your faith in her intelligence in spite of her alleged success on Broadway after practically no training. The other characters are more or less stereotyped.

Miss Winwar's earlier biographies prove that she can do better than this. Perhaps she should stick to real persons.

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The Creation of a New China

FREE CHINA'S NEW DEAL. By Hubert Freyn. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 287 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

"FREE CHINA'S NEW DEAL" is a rather debatable title for an important and, even in its statistical details, exciting book. Exciting because its seemingly dry statistical figures tell an eloquent story of the revolution which is transforming China's agrarian and industrial economy. It is essential for Americans to acquaint themselves with the phases of this battle for the creation of a new China which will demand for her a place among the great industrialized nations. The success or failure of this revolution will not only be a determining factor in a post-war economy; even more, this Chinese battle behind the Sino-Japanese battlelines will be of decisive importance in bringing about the ultimate defeat of Japan. As Chiang Kai-shek expressed it in a speech in 1941 before the leaders of the Kuomintang: "Victory cannot be won on the field of battle alone. . . . Such is the nature of modern warfare that one may say safely that victory will be determined seventy per cent by economic factors and only thirty per cent by purely military ones."

In a small volume which is literally crammed with facts, Hubert Freyn undertakes the difficult task of giving the layman a primer of Free China's social and economic revolution. He describes its struggle for the survival of China's venerable civilization and beyond this goal, for the establishment of a new order, with her long neglected hinterland and its cradle. In this fight, China was deprived of modern mining, commerce, and her industrial centers and ports, now either in Japanese hands or blockaded by the enemy. Only the land was Chinese, with its millions of peasants tilling it and fighting for it. Thus the great migration began in 1937 which was to shift the government and its bureaucracy, factories and machinery, universities and people, from the coastal areas and the lower Yangtze valley to West, Southwest, and Northwest China. Economically, it means the introduction of our day's technology into an 18th-century environment. Culturally, it meant the awakening of provinces, exceeding the United States in population, from their pre-industrial slumber. And the author is not speaking in loose generalizations when he foresees that the effects of this migration on the whole Pacific, in fact on the whole world.

Mr. Freyn approaches his field from a cosmopolitan background which has taught him to see war and revolution as norm in our time. Now in the U. S. Army, he was born in Prague and served during the First World War with the Austrian forces. He came to the United States in 1923, studied economics, and worked in the export business and in accounting. In 1934, he went to China for seven years. He became representative of the Chinese Ministry of Information and editor of *The China Journal.*

It is not astounding to see a man with so sound an educational background paint his picture with strong and steady strokes. He discusses the main features of China's agriculture, of water and soil conservation, of animal husbandry. Mining and mineral resources and industrial development (including China's novel experiment in social organization and production, her industrial coöperatives) are thoroughly treated. Another chapter deals with the crucial problems of China's railroads, highways, and her only slowly growing network of skyways. He gives an over-all picture of Free China's foreign trade and government finance. In this connection, special attention is called to the revolutionary reform of China's ancient land tax, the first step on the way towards "equalization of land ownership," a goal set by Sun Yat-sen and a paramount post-war problem of China. In an analysis of China's hidden enemy, *inflation,* its shadow looming darker than that of the Japanese armies, and of the many unsuccessful attempts to stabilize prices, Mr. Freyn reveals what is perhaps the greatest threat to China's survival as a free nation. In the second part of the book (about 100 pages), the author takes up these subjects in relation to the conditions of the different provinces of Free China.

That a study concerned with so vast a field leaves the reader unsatisfied in many details is unavoidable. He may find that the treatment of China's petroleum resources, or of her coöperatives, or of the province of Sinkiang which holds a key position between Central China and the U.S.S.R., is too sketchy. But this is no serious criticism. The reader cannot expect to find all the answers, but he will find in this book enough food for thought to make him eager to turn to more detailed studies. One serious flaw, however, must be mentioned: "Free China's New Deal," especially its second part, deserves the subtitle "An Outline of China's Economic Geography." It is therefore incomprehensible that this important study is not documented by a single map.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LITERARY "IF'S"

Quoted below are a dozen familiar passages from well known poems, all beginning with "If." How many of them do you remember? Allowing 6 points for each poet and 4 for each poem, a score of 50 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 20.

1. If thou must love me, let it be for naught
   Except for love's sake only.
2. If you love me, as I love you,
   We'll both be friendly and untrue.
3. If I were king—ah, love, if I were king—
   What tributary nations would I bring
   To stoop before your sceptre. . . .
4. If you can fill the unforgiving minute
   With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
   Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it. . . .
5. "If seven maids with seven mops
   Swept it for half a year,
   Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
   "That they could get it clear?"
6. If these delights thy mind may move
   Then live with me and be my love.
7. If of herself she will not love,
   Nothing can make her:
   The devil take her!
8. If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?
9. If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
   For him no minstrel raptures swell. . . .
10. If I should die, think only this of me:
    That there's some corner of a foreign field
    That is forever England. . . .

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NEVER CALL RETREAT

WE'VE written on this subject before, but it may be worth another try. It's about the growing cynical and wise-guy attitude that seems to be taking hold in some sections of that vague, indefinable, gray-matter group known as the intellectuals. Precisely how widespread or general this condition may be we do not profess to know; but confined strictly to the representative symptoms and without reference to any existing hypothetical epidemic, we seem to find the following:

A virulent "what's-the-use" germ that causes the victim to run a high fever of suspicion, making it virtually impossible for him to recognize or absorb good news, and producing a marked allergy to anything with a positive or favorable aspect. Respiration is normal but it is usually accompanied by the sound, "Oh, yeah?" repeated automatically, generally to interrupt a conversation otherwise lacking the seal of doom. The eyesight is ostensibly unaffected although nothing is what it appears to be and anything that is worthwhile or important reposes inevitably beneath the surface where, hidden from the naked eye, it immediately becomes both valid and comprehensible. Locomotion is remarkably good—but only backwards. There is no twitching to speak of, but there is an almost instinctive shifting and squirming, generally culminating in a deep, throaty guffaw whenever the word "Ideal" is mentioned. The memory is most affected of all, for blank areas suddenly occupy huge portions of the brain, blotting out all recollections of previous genuine emergencies and crises when the individual was neither too reluctant nor too sophisticated to talk about ideals and the making of a better world.

Today, according to this victim, the Atlantic Charter is meaningless; the Four Freedoms are so much palaver; the statements of the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran Conferences are only window dressing. Mention of the coming peace is greeted with the enthusiasm of a lost soul waiting for the fog to close in. The only thing he can be sure of is that nothing will lead to anything.

* * *

Now we are not plumping for the propagation of a race of super-Pollyannas. Working our way out of a crisis whose depth and range knows no parallel in history is going to require something more than a gushing optimism and a blind and unreasoning faith that everything will turn out all right in the end. But let us not make the equally disastrous mistake of blind pessimism. Even agreeing that ideals are having a tough time of it in this war; even agreeing that the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter are as yet only pretty words for the countless millions in India and the East; even agreeing that the statements of the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran Conferences were not so complete as one might have wished—we still do not see that there is justification for the undiluted despair.

What, after all, have we been fighting for? Did anyone expect that golden ideals would fall like overripe fruit from trees the moment the tide of war turned in our favor, and that all we had to do was to have our baskets handy as they fell? Can it be that we still do not realize that victory in this war will bring about no automatic millenium but only a *chance* to make good? Have we any right to regard this war as anything but the most spectacular contest in history to decide which of two camps would have the chance to rebuild or destroy the world according to its own ideas?

What we are fumbling around for words to say is that cynicism today is intellectual treason; that it is doubtful whether ever before the weight of mankind held its future so largely in its own hands; that if the ideals so important to men are not fulfilled, it will be in no small measure because too many men turned sour, because their very cynicism prevented them from recognizing the possibilities of things whose very existence they denied; that the job before all of us today is not to scoff but to prod, to constitute a force large enough to insure that our leaders will follow through on the promises made during the critical days when almost instinctively they held out the hopes inherent in men. It would be different if we had to fight for recognition or acknowledgment of principles by our leaders. But that is not now necessary. In the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms we hold two promissory notes which are valid only as we ourselves wish to make them so. Nor need we fear because the Atlantic Charter was intended to apply to some regions and not to others, as has been officially asserted, for the lamp was held high enough for all to see, and seeing in many cases may be believing.

Those of our intellectuals who are moaning the most about the disappearance of high ideals or the impossibility of their fulfillment are providing us, in effect, with a confession of their own critical shortage. A man with a real ideal has no time for despair.

N. C.

"This Is the House"

By Seumas O'Sullivan

1. THE ARTIST'S HOUSE

THE house of the artist laughs through the trees,
Its gay windows shining in their blue lattices:
And round it are meadow flowers, as high as a heifer's knees,
And water reeds are springing there, all scented and lush;
With fat gold bees garnering as much as they can eat:
Without a hive to care for, their free wings beat;
For why should they care for the order and the shelf
Any more than the artist? who can, and it please himself,
Get all fragrance and sweetness in the turn of a brush.

2. THE PUNDIT'S HOUSE

THIS is the Pundit's house, full of studied ease,
With flowers in serried order, growing—not where they please,
But where he has set them, in hendecasyllabic rows:
Neat garden path and gate lodge, and guardian at the gate,
To frown at common people, and fawn upon the great.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Are Publishers Incurable?

SIR: My commendations on your forthright editorial in which you expose extravagant and false claims for a meretricious book. Thereby you fulfill your true function as well as assume proper responsibility as a literary publication.

Surely it's up to you to be both guardian and crusader. As such it should be your active policy to continue to warn the public, editorially and in reviews, against the shoddy and the phony.

Years ago I wrote to "The Pleasures of Publishing," issued by the Columbia University Press, suggesting that it organize a movement against fulsome and misleading ballyhoo on book jackets. I advised that it be called the "Curb the Blurb" campaign and offered this statement of first principles:

A proper blurb
Should wear the curb
Of purest truth, and verbally
Be free of all hyperbole.

From here, *you* carry on.

MELVILLE CANE.

New York, N. Y.

The Search for Wimsey

SIR: I realize this may appear a bubble among the weightier issues of the day, but throwing aside all predictions of things to come, atrocity stories, and eye-witness books—where has Lord Peter Wimsey been for the past few years?

The last full-length novel I can find of Dorothy Sayers's is "Busman's Honeymoon." One short story, "The Haunted Policeman," follows. That is the end of the trail. Have I been a poor sleuth? Are there any Wimsey stories of which I'm ignorant?

It seems a miserable trick to the reader to leave Lord Peter in war-torn England without so much as a short story to his name. How is the completely civilized English gentleman existing now? Is the famous Wimsey wardrobe holding out under rationing? Of course, my guess is that Lord Peter has re-enlisted and is probably a general by this time, despite war nerves.

BERNICE GREEN.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Baker Street Irregularities

SIR: Some of the chronology of Mr. Robinson's fantasia on Baker Street Irregular themes (*SRL,* Dec. 4) is decidedly on the Watsonian side. *Items*: The first meeting of the Baker Street Irregulars was not in 1935, but on the evening of June 5, 1934. Alexander Woollcott, who had nothing to do with the formation of the club, was not present. He did attend the state dinner held December 7, 1934, and wrote a piece about it, his last contribution to his "Shouts and Murmurs" department in *The New Yorker*. Woollcott refused the editors of "221B: Studies in Sherlock Holmes" (Macmillan, 1940), permission to reprint his paper in that volume. It currently appears in his posthumous book, "Long, Long Ago." (Incidentally, he refers there to one Earle Walbridge, Tantalus of the club at the time, as "that strangely literate Harvard man." This is a canard. Walbridge is not a Harvard man; when questioned on this point, he added "Thank God.")

Item: Robert K. Leavitt's paper on the Fiscal Holmes appeared in "221B" and had been written several years before. Therefore it is not a 1941 paper.

Item: It is not of record in the saga that Mrs. Watson ever served kidneys and marmalade for breakfast, separately or jointly ("No, no; horrible!", as Holmes raved in "The Dying Detective.")

Item: The arthritic old gentleman who was understandably mistaken for The Creeping Man appeared out of the void *before* the 1941 dinner and was not "cuffed around"; he was out of sight before the members present (he went directly under the Gasogene's and my clasped hands) could catch their breath. A vivid *but* factually accurate account of this episode written by Edgar W. Smith appears in Charles Honce's privately-printed 1942 Christmas book, "The Public Papers of a Bibliomaniac." Vincent Starrett was *not* present at the dinner; unfortunately, events have conspired to keep him away from all but the 1934 meeting.

After your united blast against the Wier "Thesaurus," I thought you might be induced to look at some errors nearer home. The *Thesaurus* does have a peculiar fascination. The compiler evidently went methodically through "Twentieth Century Authors" (H. W. Wilson, 1942) for the material in his author entries. Mrs. Humphry Ward's first novel, "Miss Bretherton," appears as "Min Bretherton," which gives that lady a faintly rakish air. The book's incurably Hollywood bias determined the entry concerning E. Nesbit, the English writer of children's books, who apparently gets in only because she is a friend of Laurence Housman and Noel Coward, among others.

—JABEZ WILSON,
Bibliographer, the Baker Street Irregulars.

New York, N. Y.

"Poison Gas," Etc.

SIR: I wish Houston Peterson's article, "Poison Gas and the Coming Peace," [*SRL,* Nov. 6] might be required reading for all of Uncle Sam's children, old and young, and for our English cousins, lest we both forget and throw around unwittingly frantic boast and foolish word.

Too bad we haven't more writers like Peterson and Raoul de Sales, more poets like St. Vincent Millay and Alice Duer Millier to help us "see ourselves as others see us."

THEO CROSMAN.

Guthrie, Kentucky.

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TRADE Winds

THE YEAR OF 1944, destined to go down in history as a great milestone in the march of civilization, gets off to a rousing start, in a literary way at least, when Macmillan publishes Arnot Robertson's "The Signpost" on January 4. "The Signpost" is a story of present-day Ireland—of those amazing people who preferred keeping alive generations-old grievances against England to taking almost instinctive steps for self-preservation. With the spectacle of Denmark and Holland under their noses to show what happened to little people who tried playing ball with Hitler, the Irish denied Britain the use of ports that would have eased the U-boat menace in its worst months and insured delivery of supplies that were vital to Ireland itself. The whole country was a happy hunting ground for Nazi spies. Night-bomber squadrons of the Luftwaffe guided themselves by the fully lit cities on the Irish coast. The Irish would stay neutral if it killed them. It isn't their fault that it didn't.

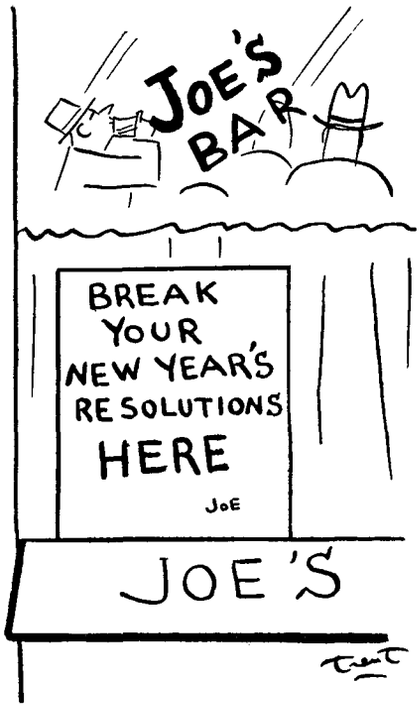
There was a fine novel to be written about all this, and Miss Robertson has seized the opportunity. She's under no illusions about the reception it will receive among the Irish people. Indeed, her dedication reads "To the good friends I am about to lose in Eire." No other novelist has dared to tackle the theme. In the drama, Phil Barry got within hailing distance of it in "Without Love," but couldn't risk turning a Katharine Hepburn vehicle into an Irish shay!

The real heroine of "The Signpost" is a wisp of a girl named Bridie, one of the most irresistible characters you have ever met between book covers. Another wonderful creation is Aunt Mary Sullivan, who could talk down Dorothy Thompson, Whitney Darrow, and Jack Cominsky combined. The villain is the local loan-shark and mortgage forecloser. There they call him the gombeen man. It is he who plants the signpost reading "To Dublin" in the village square, to torment the young people who long to get away from their bigoted and tradition-ridden (if charming) elders.

Miss Robertson's book is the best thing the Book-of-the-Month Club has sent to its members in a long time. . . .

THE BOOK PUBLISHING INDUSTRY as a whole enters the new year on the crest of such a wave of prosperity as it has never known before. A big percentage of its profits goes into taxes, of course, but what is left would still look like a bonanza in normal times. Different houses are using these wartime gains in different ways. Some are paying huge dividends and indulging in an orgy of unnecessary advertising. Others are investing in sets of plates for substantial editions of books that will live forever—valuable insurance for possible darker days ahead. All would pay bigger salaries and give their overworked staffs handsome bonuses if the War Labor Board acquiesced. Schedules for such increases that were filed months ago are not yet answered in some cases, have been denied in others. Unorganized and underpaid white-collar workers get kicked around by Washington bureaucrats, while the John L. Lewises of the country make the same officials dance meekly to their tune. Publishers' employees have a union too—the Book and Magazine Union—but its officers are too busy yapping about world politics and books they haven't read to do the work for which they were elected, too occupied in wrangling over petty arguments with the few publishers who have signed with them to win over the vast majority who have not.

Book publishers, with one or two notorious and unfortunate exceptions, are neither reactionaries nor exploiters of labor. Most of them would not oppose unionization of their organizations if—and this is a very *big* if—the union with which they dealt was represented by officials they could trust and respect. . . .



PUBLISHERS were able to absorb a ten percent paper cut in 1943 by reducing the weight of the paper used ordinarily and trimming the size of their books. The additional fifteen percent cut announced for 1944 will work genuine hardships.

The Book Manufacturing Institute estimates that the entire book publishing industry used approximately 200,000 tons of paper in 1943. This is an insignificant figure when it is compared with the amount of paper used by the newspapers and magazines. A single average issue of the Sunday edition of *The New York News,* for instance, consumes 1350 tons; a Sunday issue of *The New York Times* consumes 1000 tons; a Sunday issue of *The New York Herald Tribune* consumes 585 tons. One average issue of *Life,* based on its latest print order, consumes 2000 tons. In other words, three Sunday newspapers in New York alone, plus one leading magazine, used approximately 250,000 tons of paper in 1943—50,000 tons more than the country's entire book publishing industry put together! Viewed in that light, the book publisher has valid grounds for questioning the severity of the new cut. The committees who have compiled these figures—which can be checked very easily—are convinced that they will astonish many officials in Washington, not to mention a lot of book publishers themselves.

Granted, however, that nothing can be done about the paper cut for the coming year at least, book publishers will still be able to function profitably and to publish every worthy manuscript that comes their way. There are still corners to be cut in the way of more economical manufacture, trashy and ridiculous titles to be eliminated from every list in the country. Publishers will have a better case to present in Washington if they spend the year of 1944 living up to the promises they themselves made at the outbreak of the war: smaller and more carefully selected lists, less waste in manufacture and exploitation. . . .

THE BOOK BUSINESS has less cause to worry about the effects of a sudden end of the war than almost any other industry in the country. It always has pursued a relatively even course, not sharing in the wildest excesses of the prosperity peaks, but not suffering too badly in the depression years either. The present war has increased the potential peacetime book market a hundred-fold. The big chain stores and mail-order houses have learned that they can sell books profitably. Inexpensive reprints have created millions

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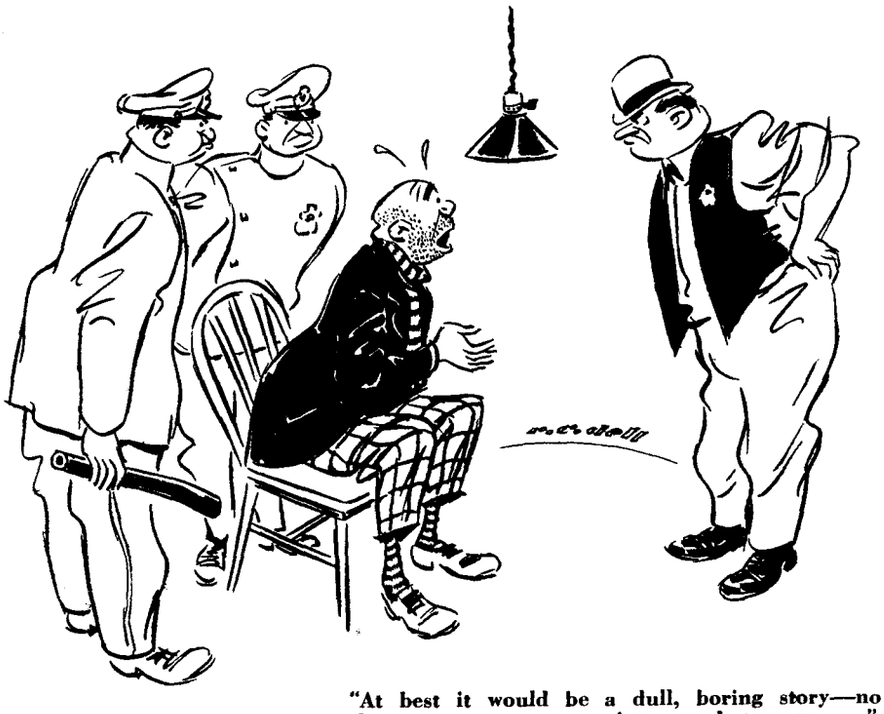

"At best it would be a dull, boring story—no plot, no suspense, no sex interest whatsoever. . . ."

of new book readers. The Armed Services Editions (120 titles have already been distributed; 150 more are in active preparation) will create millions more. These books, distributed by the Government to men in action, are a superb achievement of the Council on Books in Wartime, and a triumph of emergency mass production by Philip Van Doren Stern and his staff. Every copy of an Armed Services Editions book is not only a boon to possibly a hundred men at the front; it is a potent missionary for the cause of worth-while books. . . .

BOOKSTORE PROPRIETORS should be reassured by some records compiled at the end of the last war by Cedric Crowell, at that time general manager of the Doubleday, Doran retail stores. The records cover three stores in New York City, and only one of them was in operation for a number of years prior to the cessation of hostilities. Obviously, they are not a completely reliable index on which to predicate planning for the entire industry; on the other hand, they reflect a trend, and are worth consideration.

The Lord and Taylor Bookshop was opened in 1916. Figuring 1917 as a base year, this shop did 110% of its 1917 business in 1918, 174% in 1919, 202% in 1920, 216% in 1921, and 228% in 1922.

The Liberty Street Bookshop was opened in 1918. It did 195% of its 1918 business in 1919, 277% in 1920, 315% in 1921, and 349% in 1922.

It can be argued, of course, that these figures reflected the natural growth of newly opened establishments, and are not representative of the industry as a whole. Cut the increases by half, however, and they are still highly encouraging. The Penn Terminal Shop, opened in 1910, might be considered more typical. Figuring 1917 again as a base year, this shop did 94% of its 1917 business in 1918, 134% in 1919, 148% in 1920, 146% in 1921, and 156% in 1922. "If bookstore figures approximate the same percentage after *this* war," concludes Mr. Crowell, "I'm sure we will all be delighted to settle for that." Amen! . . .

IF I MAY CONCLUDE an unusually serious Trade Winds column with a somewhat apropos story now current, I'd like to tell about one book store that never did share in the general prosperity. In fact it was bankrupt. One partner was sadly surveying the premises just before the final padlocking. "I can't understand it," he mused. "Here we go busted, and only yesterday I read where President Roosevelt was saying that business was never better."

"Maybe," suggested his brother, "Roosevelt had a better location than ours!"

BENNETT CERF.

This being the first column of the New Year, Mr. Cerf has asked the editors to remind you that Trade Winds represents his personal views entirely, and is in no sense intended to reflect the opinions of the book publishing industry as a whole.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY

announce for publication April 20, 1944

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by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

in the sincere belief that it is a novel which will rank with OF HUMAN BONDAGE *and* THE MOON AND SIXPENCE *as one of his greatest works.*

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Unrationed Literary Meat for the Soldier

THE ARMY READER. Edited by Lt.-Col. Karl Detzer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1943. 469 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER-GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

IF your son, or brother, or husband is in the Infantry, don't picture him necessarily as a foot-slogging soldier carrying a rifle. He may be the man behind a machine gun, an automatic rifle, a light or heavy mortar, a 75 MM. howitzer, or a high power anti-tank gun. He may be driving a truck, a half-track, or a full track vehicle. He may be a radio man, a clerk, or a cook, or he may perform a multitude of other military chores. The "Reader" will enlighten you in this matter of the Infantry, 1943 model, in a lively description by James Street, of the many-sided activities of the foot soldier.

"The Army Reader" will do much more than this. It is an unusually illuminating collection of articles on the various functions of the United States land forces. In his preface to "The Attic Nights," Aulus Gellius marks the dangers of these compilations: "The perusal of such collections will exhaust the mind through weariness or disgust, before it finds one or two notes which it is a pleasure to read or inspiring to read, or helpful to remember." This selection avoids such criticism because it has been made with notable discrimination. The articles have been arranged with great care and in a logical sequence, so that he who reads will grow in comprehension of the complex organization and operations of today's Army. The articles themselves, of which there are about a hundred, of varying lengths, are largely the work of professional writers, who are for the most part capable and accurate observers and skilful with the pen.

Colonel Detzer has put in the forefront of his book a series of papers describing the human material from private to four-star general. For example, Hans Habe, who served in the French Army and who is now an officer in the United States Army, has a thoughtful analysis written before he put on an American uniform, depicting the differences between the foreign and American soldier. A succession of articles describing Ground Forces and the Service Forces offers an unusually effective means of understanding the main divisions of the United States Army. Edgar Snow's "Made-in-America Blitz" gives a good picture of the Armored Forces, while Gurney Williams in "Tank Stoppers" tells most entertainingly how the tank-destroyer battalions are trained in Texas.

The functions of the Air Forces are clarified by the writings of Generals Arnold, Yount, and Sorenson, and of some competent civilian observers. Even 2600 years ago armies were able "to lay waste fenced cities into ruinous heaps. Therefore their inhabitants were of small power, they were dismayed and confounded." Weeks and months passed before this fearful result was achieved in the warfare described in the second Book of Kings. Today, bombers by the hundreds accomplish this mission in twenty minutes. But it is interesting to note that General Sorenson denies in "The Application of Air Power" that the destruction of cities and civilian populations is the goal of the American heavy long-range bombers. He prefers to concentrate on "hitting the real sources of mechanized military power," the factories, the power plants, the railroads, the ship-building plants, the oil refineries, etc. Precision bombing on military targets is our goal because "carelessness on our part would intensify those hates which would be stumbling blocks to international peace for years. Precision will hasten the time of new understanding."

In that section devoted to the activities of the Service Forces, General Somervell's paper is a particularly good analysis of the functions of these forces in solving the problems of transportation and supply in war. General Somervell writes that logistics "is the art of getting the right number of the right men to the right place with the right equipment and at the right time. When we hear 'too little and too late' we know that someone's logistics plan has broken down. . . . Good logistics alone can't win a war. Bad logistics alone can lose."

The book concludes with reports by some of the best-known war correspondents of the fighting since December 7, 1941. Here again skill is evident in organizing the contents of the "Reader" with a sequence of articles on the war in the various theaters of operations. Col. Detzer proposed "to tell the story of the American Army." The story is well told to the great benefit of the men of the Army themselves as well as to the profit of civilians.

Mr. Darrow's Flickering Blinkers

YOU'RE SITTING ON MY EYELASHES. By Whitney Darrow, Jr. New York: Random House. 1943. *Cartoons.* $2.50.

Reviewed by S. J. WOOLF

FOR some years readers of *The New Yorker* have enjoyed the humorous and amusing drawings of Whitney Darrow, Jr. Now comes a collection of his sketches which have appeared in that periodical.

Darrow is a first-rate comic artist. Yet like others in this category he is put to a severe test when an entire volume is devoted to his work. Something more is expected of both drawings and writings when they are bound between board covers than when they are published in magazines or newspapers. Moreover, a joke no matter how side-splitting invariably loses on its second telling.

In the magazine for which they are drawn Mr. Darrow's sketches fulfill their purpose and are valuable contributions to the gaiety which abounds in its pages. They portray the sophistication so typical of these times. The drawing in which the décolleté young woman returns to the seat in the movie house which she has just left and says to its latest occupant "I beg your pardon, but I think you are sitting on my eyelashes,"—the caption which gives the book its title—is characteristic of the entire collection. It is smart, satirical, and up-to-the-minute. The first time any one sees this drawing or any of the others in the book, he is bound to chuckle.

For those who have not previously seen these sketches, the volume will provide a lot of amusement. Many too who have laughed at them once will want to have a look at them a second and even a third time. Yet those humorous artists whose work does not suffer from being seen frequently have put something more than laughs into their drawings. They have created types, they have depicted the age in which they lived, or they have so excelled in their craftsmanship that their subject matter becomes of secondary importance.

Clever as Mr. Darrow's drawings are, one fails to find in them such unforgettable figures as the lascivious libertines of Arno, the stuffy suburbanite women of Helen Hokinson, or the precocious brats of Steig. Moreover, although the artist portrays one phase of his times, his picture is a one-sided one.

But perhaps I am captious. For despite my criticism and nothwithstanding that I saw many of the drawings in *The New Yorker,* I looked through the volume with pleasure several times. And I would have done this even had I not been asked to review it.

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OUT OF THE "AWKWARD AGE"

(*Continued from page* 4)

resisted and in 1835 the bars were thrown down. While Oberlin never had more than five per cent of Negro students the dramatic circumstances attending the Lane revolt and the admission of Negroes were widely advertised and gave an impetus to the movement for Negro education.

Inevitably the great national drive for democracy against privilege produced the anti-slavery movement and inevitably Oberlin became a center of abolitionism. Its fame spread overseas and on one occasion, when financially hard pressed, it was able to obtain some $30,000 from anti-slavery sources in England. The fugitive slave law made Oberlin a station on the underground railroad. A famous episode, the "Wellington rescue," became a national scandal. A fugitive slave who had found refuge in Oberlin was kidnapped by Southern officers. At the near-by town of Wellington he was rescued by Oberlin professors and students. Twenty-one members of the rescue party were indicted in December, 1859, and thrown into the Cleveland jail. The action backfired. The martyrs were highly vocal. Jail proved a glorious sounding board for their preaching on the iniquities of slavery and under pressure of an aroused public opinion the indictments eventually were dismissed.

In such incidents as these may be traced the growing bitterness that attended the progress of abolitionism. So aggressive was Oberlin that in the Civil War Petroleum V. Nasby wrote: "Oberlin commenst this war. Our Suthrin brethrin wantid the territories —Oberlin objectid. They wantid Kansas for their blessid instooshun—Oberlin again objecks. They sent colonies with muskits and sich to hold the terrytory—Oberlin sent 2 thowsand armed with Bibles and Sharp's rifles, two instooshns Dimokracy cood never stand afore, and druv em out. They wanted Brechinridge for President. Oberlin refused and elektid Linkin."

Nasby's statement was more correct in spirit than in fact. As for Lincoln he was not sufficiently radical for Oberlin. Nevertheless Oberlin was among the foremost of those influences that made his election possible.

Feminism and the anti-slavery crusade were two of the great equalitarian movements of the time that found leadership in this Ohio college. A third had to do with religion. Finney, one of the Lane rebels who became Oberlin's second president, was a fiery preacher, a sort of combination of Jonathan Edwards and Billy Sunday. His famous sermon, "The Wages of Sin," was quite comparable in horror to Edward's still more famous, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." Finney's prestige as an evangelist gave weight to the assault he conducted with some of his colleagues on the Calvinistic creed with its teaching of predestination. Against this aristocratic doctrine the Oberlin theologians crusaded with the domocratic doctrine of human ability. It was possible, they proclaimed, for any man with divine aid to attain sanctified perfection in this life. Their own personal shortcomings testified that the question was somewhat academic. Nevertheless their contention that men were not utterly depraved and that salvation was not limited to the select few brought a new hope to their generation. Although what was called the "Oberlin theology" was widely regarded as a dreadful and dangerous heresy and for years barred Oberlin seminary graduates from desirable pulpits, it was in accordance with the progressive democratic movement of the age.

It was characteristic of middle-class Northern society of the time that its reforming zeal covered a wide field. Oberlin was representative of this society in regarding reform, as we now regard peace, as indivisible. Slavery

2

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was wicked, but perhaps no more wicked than membership in a secret society, smoking, novel-reading, or theater-going. Sin was sin, no matter how trivial the offense might seem. A citizen was indicted before the village church for neglect of Scripture reading and prayer in his home. Physiological reform was rampant, and needed by a society which was ignorant of the most elementary rules of hygiene. Here diet enthusiasts ran wild. Their fads became moral issues. Joint education of women with men had been one of Oberlin's great contributions. For a time it seemed no more important to the pioneers than a vegetarian diet leaning heavily on the bread invented by that eminent diet reformer, Dr. Sylvester Graham. Gradually the eccentricities faded. The important gains remained.

As was said at the outset Oberlin and the rest of the five hundred denominational colleges founded in the half of the century were much more concerned with religion than with education. There is a curious parallel here with the beginnings of education in Europe. The ancient universities were established to propagate the study of theology and gradually became centers of broad training. This process went on in Oberlin and its fellow colleges. For years leading members of the faculty strongly opposed the teaching of the "heathen classics." If it was necessary to study Greek and Latin why not study the Greek of the New Testament and the Latin of the early church fathers? And why not stress Hebrew, the sacred language of the Old Testament? It was a losing battle. As the older faculty members disappeared they were replaced by young men who were concerned with scholarship. The same thing was happening in other colleges.

In Europe music was first regarded as the handmaid of religion. Eventually it emerged on its own. So in America. The need for church music at Oberlin brought a demand for musical instruction. The first instructor had been a pupil of Lowell Mason of Boston, the foremost American musician. Against some opposition he was able to set high standards and the musical department developed into an important conservatory which enlisted as its first instructors three men who had studied at the Conservatory of Leipzig, founded by Mendelssohn. This center of music thus developed from a simple village church choir.

Because of the circumstances of the origin of the college and the flaming zeal of its pioneers, the reforms that swept the Northern states in the first half of the century constantly found aggressive leadership in Oberlin. This college community was like a hundred others in the North—only more so. It had an intensity of spirit that brought significant movements into focus.

These movements produced important changes in the social structure as delivered over by the Founding Fathers. Accompanying the industrialization of the Northern states a general democratizing process had gone forward, with manhood suffrage, the spread of free public schools, the opening of higher education to women, the liberalizing of theological dogma, the humanitarian drive against slavery. From these powerful currents of life the Southern states had been largely isolated. By the middle of the century two divergent societies had developed within the nation. They came into conflict on the battlefields of the Civil War.

With slavery abolished and the final triumph of national unity, the country entered upon a new era. Storm and stress had not vanished. It merely found expression in new ways. But the general direction of the movement had been determined by the march of the middle class in the formative years of American democracy. It had set out for the Kingdom of God. The journey had proved longer than had been expected. But the goal was still there.

Modern Youth in "Ancient" China

FLAME FROM THE ROCK. By Tan Yun. New York: John Day Co. 1943. 230 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RITCHIE MAYBON

THIS tender love story of modern China is the first novel of the talented eldest daughter of Lin Yutang. This lends an added interest to it, of course, but the twenty-year old Tan Yun has written a tale that can rest squarely on its own merits—a sensitive, moving tale of young love and modern youth in ancient China dominated by modern war and only just emerging from the tight grip of family tradition. Kuanpo, the orphaned daughter of a respected scholar, is living with a teacher, her uncle, and his family, in a village to which they have fled when dispossessed of home and position by the Japanese. She is a gay, life-loving girl and is doing what she can for the war by nursing the wounded at a hospital in the hills to which she goes every day. The village is bombed and Kuanpo is wounded while hurrying home. A young soldier stretcher-bearer finds her and carries her to the hut of an old peasant woman. When the doctor comes he finds the girl badly hurt and to save her life injects blood from the soldier's vein into Kuanpo's. As she slowly recovers this blood union incites in both a sense of a mystical bond that will always exist between them.

The soldier is a simple, harsh product of war, a homeless, rootless lad who knows little except of fighting which he has done so long he cannot conceive of any other life. He first resents, then succumbs to the love which Kuanpo pours out upon him and which soon threatens to dominate all their thinking. Bitterly opposed by her own family because of his uncouthness and lack of education, the girl ignores their commands. But the war succeeds where the family is powerless, and their love story ends in death and frustration. Because of the simplicity of its telling, and the tenderness of the love episodes this little story has something of the remote and haunting quality of medieval love stories. And this despite the fact that the Chinese characters—the scholar uncle, the nagging wife, the wise old peasant woman, the modern hospital staff—are all vividly portrayed and undoubtedly wholly "modern." "Flame from the Rock" is a poignant story of Chinese youth striving for its personal happiness against a background that seems to the Western reader as remote in time as it is in miles. Only a young Chinese could have written it, but even grandparents with a remnant of youth in their hearts will respond to its charm. Pearl Buck calls it "a true and living picture of China's young" and of China's young we shall need to know far more than we do today.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "Sonnets from the Portuguese."
2. Samuel Hoffenstein: "Love Songs, at Once Tender and Informative—an Unusual Combination in Verses of This Character."
3. Justin Huntly McCarthy: "If I Were King."
4. Rudyard Kipling: "If."
5. Lewis Carroll: "The Walrus and the Carpenter."
6. Christopher Marlowe: "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love."
7. Sir John Suckling: "Whay So Pale and Wan?"
8. Shelley: "Ode to the West Wind."
9. Sir Walter Scott: "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."
10. Rupert Brooke: "The Soldier."

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The Old Man Stayed On

A TOWER OF STEEL. By Josephine Lawrence. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 316 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE law office of Marsh Lyman, the Old Man, was a tower of steel for three women, his staff, whose disrupted lives had been farther complicated by the war. The Old Man had intended to retire in his early seventies and nurse a dubious heart, but when the war took his three partners, his grand-nephews, he had to stay on and keep the business going for them till they got back.

When the Old Man had to hire a new errand boy his secretary told him it would have to be an errand girl. Lyman gave Thalia certain specifications for the new girl; she must not wear a jeep shawl, sweaters, baby socks, or flat-heeled shoes. The first candidate wore a jeep shawl, baby socks, and flat-heeled shoes, and was proud of a notable collection of sweaters; so he hired her. She was simply too ebullient and eighteenish to blame for the sweaters.

Thalia, the calm secretary, was not quite certain that she was in love with her soldier; Leis didn't know whether to have her soldier-husband's baby during or after the war; Bon was upset about a sailor; Frannie was hopelessly in love with one of the grand-nephews, missing in action. With this cast of characters, Miss Lawrence has written what will probably prove to be the classic study of young professional women fighting on the home front.

The gentle, modified, female malice that helps very considerably to make the author's books delightful is possibly best exemplified in the scene where Bon's desperate puppy love blows up with a faint fizzle, "Come on; let's have a coke." Thalia judges correctly that nothing has happened that a good hot lunch won't aid materially.

Frannie very nearly steals the show from Thalia, the ostensible heroine. Fran is victimized by her flirtatious old mother and her dissolute old uncle, but she feels that as long as she is conscious that she is a sucker, she isn't one. Fran has an Aristophanian chorus-line. If just one more thing happens to her, at intervals through the book, she is going to give up her attempt to learn law and do "light benchwork" in a war factory. This threat is not in the least affected by the fact that she hasn't the slightest idea of what "light benchwork" is.

The author is not unduly cruel about the muliebrity of her characters. What one should wear where, frequently rears its ugly head; the tragedy of the last nylons is remarked several times; the sedative and restorative properties of chocolate bars and cokes are demonstrated regularly, but Miss Lawrence is fairly kind to her characters, on the whole; perhaps a shade too kind to her men. The girls all find their security, at last, in Old Man Lyman and the tower of steel he preserves for them and his young partners.

Jane Austen would have enjoyed "A Tower of Steel."

—*Don Selchow*

Josephine Lawrence

FORGOTTEN DENTURES

(*Continued from page* 8)

are contained a novelette, "The Phoenix of Crime," in which Mr. Mitchell's dentist identifies a dead person after cremation and thereby solves the crime by a chart of teeth cavities and fillings. Five years after this book appeared a mysterious corpse found floating in the river near Yonkers was identified in the same way by a local sheriff who had read "The Phoenix of Crime." This novelette is followed by eleven short stories which, I gather, first appeared in *The Black Cat*, that memorable pocket-size thriller which ran its merry way each month from 1895 to 1922, and in the London *Idler*.

By this time Dr. Ottolengui had reached the presentable age of thirty-seven. He had behind him an authoritative dental work, four full-length detective stories, a novelette, and eleven shorts. He had seen several of his books published in foreign languages. Probably he decided that he had sufficiently paid his debt to his literary parents. Thenceforth his pen seemed dedicated mainly to his first calling.

For thirty-five years he edited a monthly magazine, *Dental Items of Interest*, and within a few years of his death collected his fugitive dental writings in a book, "Table Talks on Dentistry." Considering the fact that he survived his wife by only a year and had been married a long time without issue, that good woman was evidently accustomed to have orthodontia and root canal therapy served up with the three daily meals. But then, one can bear with fortitude the professional conversation of a husband who, in his time, was a trail-blazer—one of the first to use X-ray in dentistry who at one time tried to produce anesthesia by hypnotism. A vigorous, salty personality, he held positive opinions and wasn't afraid to express them. Nor did he let his mind grow old along with his body! Indeed, to keep his hand in, Dr. Ottolengui edited *Dental Items of Interest* practically up to his dying day.

A contemporary of that other excellent mystery writer, Anna Katherine Green, Dr. Ottolengui might have been remembered as an author had he not reformed so early in life. So far I have not found any of his stories included in present-day crime anthologies. Only those who have arrived at the age of dentures remember him.

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The Phoenix Nest

WHEN Welborn Hope, my poet friend from Oklahoma, wrote the enclosed poem last year in Boston, he was getting homesick for the West:

THE RODEO COMES TO BOSTON GARDEN

So here they are, the men of blood,
Booted and spurred, from all the West!
On my lone life, need they intrude?
The broad-brimmed hat, the piebald vest,
Disturb my hard-won solitude.

High in the Boston Garden, they
Present the triumph of the Plains,
Repeat the godless, golden day,
While I sit brooding on my pains,
Who thought to thrust the West away.

I found high thoughts in Boston, fled
Boots on the boardwalk, Western whang:
Ashamed of that wild Past long-dead,
I find it flares with all its tang
In Boston Garden, overhead.

No, I never broke a horse,
Lassoed a steer, or set a brand—
I cared so little for raw force
My soul fled to this town to stand
With flesh not harsh, abrupt, or coarse.

My father was a cowboy, though,
And I recall fond tales of his
Of riding herd through gales and snow:
How can I shake those memories,
My soul is intermingled so!

Earth of my earth, I give, I break:
Deep pride floods in, with sighs and love
For what I hate; for Home I ache,
Its transposition high above
Boston, in the Garden, for my sake!

Yet another correspondent from the West, Jim Montgomery of Longmont, Colorado, seems to present the other side of the picture in the following concise ballad:

WYOMING

This is the place where
There's lots of air there
Pushed by a fan,

And broad sandy reaches
Where nary a beach is
Or bathing wo-man.

They don't live in houses;
They sleep with their cowses—
The hat and the man.

They never get lonely
Except when they only
Conveniently can.
In all, it's a land which
A toasted ham sandwich
I'd rather have than.

Charles Henri Ford (not to be confused with Charles Hoy Fort, in whose honor Tiffany Thayer founded the Fortean Society!) is a sort of Dalieseque genius in verse. Two years ago, the Little Man Press of Cincinnati printed his "The Overturned Lake," which I tried to get reviewed in this paper, but the review, somehow, got crowded out. This Christmas, as several grandchildren luxuriated and tumbled about the living-room, I took particular pleasure in recalling his deathless, though somewhat difficult, lines upon that type of infantry in general. Here they are:

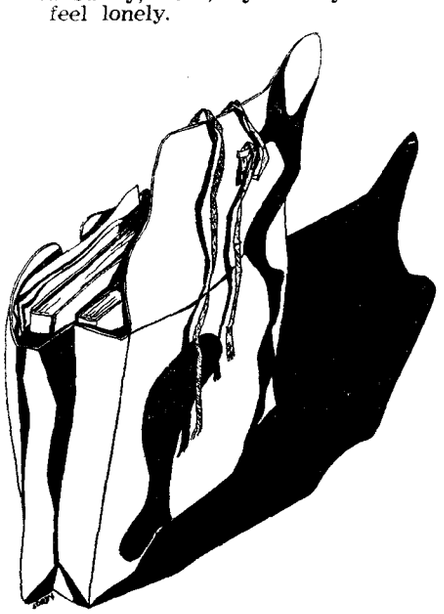
Baby's in jail, the animal day plays alone,
tame as the animal baby behind the bars of the crib:
the cub whose nose has not yet dipped
in the reek of excitation,
whose claws have not yet unbound the hide of habit,
nor scratched at pride, the skin,
and tasted sensation's blood.
Baby will come to grief and love.
Visitors to the family zoo
do not go to see a vegetarian tiger.

These babies, however, were not very bloodthirsty! In fact, their most strong-minded remark was made last summer by my granddaughter, Judith, who, at sight of a plateful of waffles, exclaimed: "Cookie! Oh Boy!"

Speaking of Christmas and its accompanying pangs, Miss Frieda Cohen of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, supplies the following sonnet-commentary:

TO MY STOMACH

To you, dear one, now suffering from the shakes,
Who shiver so whenever ice cubes rattle,
Who daily take the rap in life's long battle,
When each digestive organ shrieks, "Land Sakes!"
To you, dear one, I send these soda mints.
With tear-stained eyes I pour them down with water.
(Surely you know I love you like a daughter;
Cry when you cry, and wince, dear, when you wince.)
Believe me when I say it's water only,
And try to greet them gently as they land.
They look so small and frightened in my hand.
And surely, dear, by now you must feel lonely.
Today I promise you I will not drink—
Of course I understand, dear, what *you* think!



Just to upset you the more, an anonymous correspondent furnishes me the following recipes from "A Little Book of Conceited Secrets and Delights for Ladies," published in London and Boston by the Medici Society:

A CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG

Write in a piece of paper these words, Rebus, Rubus, Epitepscum; give it to the Party or Beast bitten, to eat in Bread. **This never fails.**

The Compleat Gentlewoman. Hannah Wooley, 1711

An Excellent Way to take Moles, and to Preserve good ground from such annoyance:

Put Garlick, Onions, or Leeks, into the mouths of the holes, & they will come out quickly, as amazed.

From *The Inrichment of the Weald of Kent, G. Markham, 1675.*

TERMS OF CARVING

Allay a Pheasant.
Barb a Lobster.
Border a Pasty.
Break a Deer.
Chine a Salmon.
Culpon a Trout.
Mince that Plover.
Cut up a Turkey or Bustard.
Dismember that Heron.
Display that Crane.
Disfigure that Peacock.
Leach that Brawn.
Timber the Fire.
Lift that Swan.
Tire an Egg.
Side that Haddock.
Splat that Pike.
Unbrace a Mallard or Duck.
Undertench a Porpuss.
Unlace a Coney.
Spaul that Hen.
Tame a Crab.
Thigh a Woodcock.
Rear a Goose.

And so a very Happy New Year to you all!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 28

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 28 will be found in the next issue.

ZQUBVHY QDM FHUZKHY CAYZ

CUDM ZPK TQYPUVD.—ZPVCQY

TABBKH.—SDVCVBVSUQ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 27

SANTA CLAUS YOUNG DROPS LITERARY CLOAK, DONS XMAS WRAPPER; CONVEYS HOLIDAY WISHES.—KRIS KRINGLE.—YULETIDE CRYPTOGRAM.

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The Crostics Club

IF "variety is truly the spice of life," you puzzlers keep my days happily full of contrasts. On top of Joseph Grandfield's report creating royal Kings and Queens among our DC time-keepers, comes this equally timely effusion from Elizabeth Underhill, Ossining, N. Y. It's not the first I've received from her although the others have not found their way into this column:

A FAN SPEAKS

A plague on your records, your timing and such!
I love the DCs altogether too much
To step on the gas *and to* pull out the clutch.

When the day's work is over and evening's begun,
We'll say round eleven, or midnight, or one
Then comes the glad *moment* for puzzling and fun.

For it may take an hour, it may take a day,
I don't care a whit, it's as good as a play,
If she makes 'em quite *hard,* all the better, I say.

For your true fan digests every bite of his puzzle,
Each Greek derivation's a tidbit to guzzle,
Thank fortune *there's nothing* to ration or muzzle.

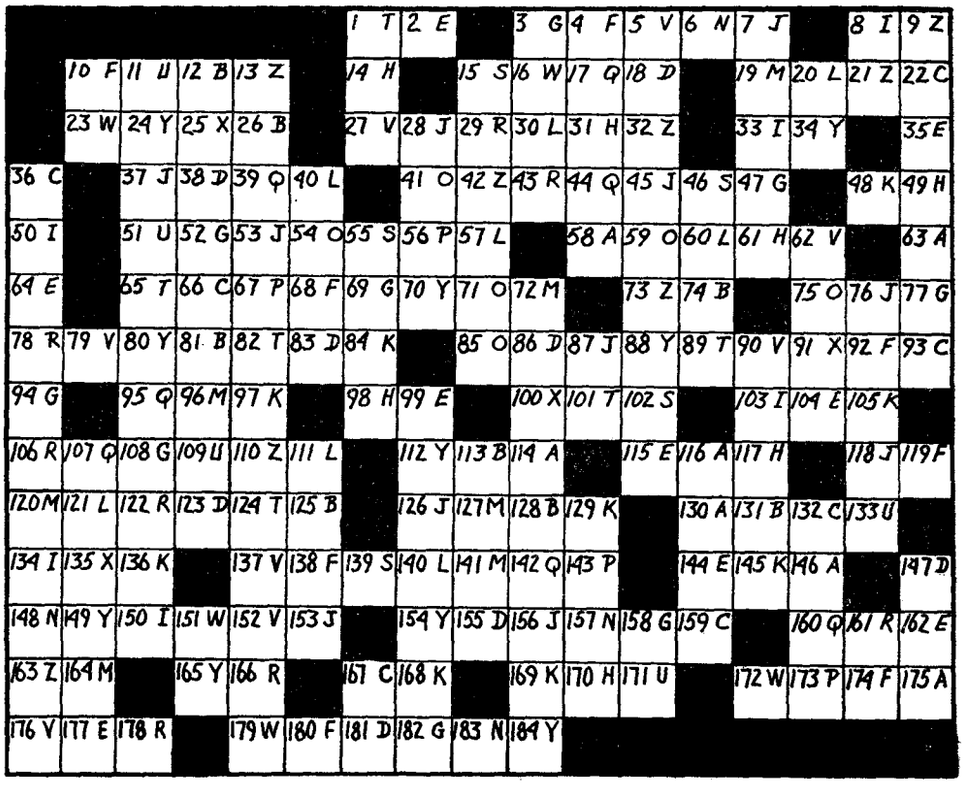
So, let's call a truce to this arduous timing,
And, dear Mrs. Kingsley, please keep on a priming
Our wits with your humor, your prose, and your rhyming.

Elizabeth's "muzzle" recalls one of Archy's favorite nuggets, which to save space I'll give in prose, not blank verse:

"i heard a couple of fleas talking the other day says one come to lunch with me i can lead you to a pedigreed dog says the other i do not care what a dog's pedigree may be safety first is my motto what i want to know is whether he has got a muzzle on millionaires and bums taste about alike to me."

In a search to use up some *h*'s and *a*'s I came across gleefully *chihuahua,* a very small dog native to Mexico and Southwestern U. S., believed to antedate Aztec civilization. Later, as I needed those *a*'s I shortened it to *Chu-hsi,* a Chinese philosopher of about the thirteenth century. Both words being quite legitimate in my theory of DC-making, although strangely novel, I must try to help you to them through the quotation script. When later I came to fill out my definitions the former looked so much like a Mexican volcano that I hunted desperately in vain for it in the Gazetteer section, whereas the latter looked so much like one of those Chinese Classics that I looked it up in the main part of the Dictionary.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 510

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. French essayist and moralist (1754-1824).	175 63 116 58 146 114 130
B. Cherries of a certain sweet variety.	113 81 131 128 12 74 26 125
C. A leader of a Germanic invasion of Britain (449 A. D.)	159 132 93 66 167 36 22
D. Radio chains.	83 38 181 147 86 155 18 123
E. Comparison of laws of primitive peoples (Anthrop.)	99 144 104 64 115 162 35 177 2
F. A light roadster (Auto.)	138 4 68 180 174 92 119 10
G. Walking with pomposity.	94 158 77 52 182 108 69 47 3
H. A hide whip for punishment in Turkey, etc.	61 49 117 98 14 31 170
I. Medical.	8 134 103 50 33 150
J. Virginia watering place.	87 153 37 118 156 53 45 28 76 126 7
K. The genesis of races.	105 169 145 129 48 84 136 168 97
L. English novelist (1815-82).	57 111 60 140 40 20 121 30
M. American poet, dramatist, and novelist (1885-1940).	127 141 164 19 96 120 72
N. Members of a Negro tribe of the Slave Coast.	148 157 183 6
O. Creator of John Gilpin.	85 59 41 75 71 54
P. A burden; obligation.	67 56 173 143
Q. Blotches.	95 17 160 44 39 107 142
R. Works or produces merely for a living.	78 161 178 106 122 43 29 166
S. Leave off (an imperative; 2 wds.)	102 46 139 15 55
T. Character in "Othello."	124 1 82 101 89 65
U. Goddess of Fortune (Gr. Relig.)	109 133 51 11 171
V. Strives in rivalry.	5 152 27 79 137 90 176 62
W. Appears in an impressively great form.	23 151 16 179 172
X. Attendant on Cleopatra (Shakes.)	91 135 100 25
Y. Translator of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."	112 165 34 70 154 80 184 24 149 88
Z. Soaring, especially in spirit.	110 9 32 73 42 163 21 13

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"Why shouldn't I buy it? I've got the money!"

Sure you've got the money. So have lots of us. And yesterday it was all ours, to spend as we darn well pleased. But not today. Today it isn't ours alone.

"What do you mean, it isn't mine?"

It isn't yours to spend as you like. None of us can spend as we like today. Not if we want prices to stay down. There just aren't as many things to buy as there are dollars to spend. If we all start scrambling to buy everything in sight, prices can kite to hell-'n'-gone.

"You think I can really keep prices down?"

If you don't, who will? Uncle Sam can't do it alone. Every time you refuse to buy something you don't need, every time you refuse to pay more than the ceiling price, every time you shun a black market, you're helping to keep prices down.

"But I thought the government put a ceiling on prices."

You're right, a price ceiling for your protection. And it's up to you to pay no more than the ceiling price. If you do, you're party to a black market deal. And black markets not only boost prices—they cause shortages.

"Doesn't rationing take care of shortages?"

Your ration coupons will—if you use them wisely. Don't spend them unless you have to. Your ration book merely sets a limit on your purchases. Every coupon you don't use today means that much more for you—and everybody else—to share tomorrow.

"Then what do you want me to do with my money?"

Save it! Put it in the bank! Put it in life insurance! Pay off old debts and don't make new ones. Buy and hold War Bonds. Then your money can't force prices up. But it can speed the winning of the war. It can build a prosperous nation for you, your children, and our soldiers, who deserve a stable America to come home to. Keep your dollars out of circulation and they'll keep prices down. The government is helping—with taxes.

"Now wait! How do taxes help keep prices down?"

We've got to pay for this war sooner or later. It's easier and cheaper to pay as we go. And it's better to pay more taxes NOW—while we've got the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to boost prices. So . . .

Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .
Make it do . . . Or do without

A United States war message prepared by the War Advertising Council, approved by the Office of War Information, and contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

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